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THE OVERWORKED MIND.*

THE wider spread of literature and science through society, the greater extent of commercial enterprise which has resulted from recent legislative and social changes, the larger amount of political action, whether municipal or parliamentary, accorded to the people, and the deep interest excited by free religious discussion, are causes sufficiently obvious, for a much higher degree of mental activity than has hitherto characterized the two free nations of the world, the United Kingdom and the United States. Concurrently with this increase of mental activity, there has been a diminution of that amount of corporeal labor which is absolutely necessary to maintain a just balance between the spiritual essence and its organ. The merchant is confined to his counting-house; the student is tempted to push his sedentary habits into the hours required for repose; the politician undergoes every form of mental strain. But, in proportion as the cerebral system is worked, the muscular system is inactive and at last mental labor is preferred to corporeal exertion, so that the man of thought becomes a mere lounge, incapable of any prolonged bodily effort. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, there are manifested the phenomena of the OVERWORKED MIND.

Modern psychologists have not failed to notice the results of this excessive intellectual activity on the mental powers, particularly with reference to the increase in the number of the insane. Amongst the most recent and the most eloquent is Dr. E. Jarvis, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, whose essay "On the Supposed Increase of Insanity," reprinted from the "American Journal of Insanity," is before us. After detailing the statistics of insanity in various nations, and passing in review the prevalence, more or less marked, of the exciting and predisposing causes, Dr. Jarvis observes that "the causes connected with mental labor, in its manifold applications, have increased and are increasing rapidly. . . . The improvements in the education of children and youth have increased their mental labors, and imposed more burdens upon their brains, in the present than in the preceding ages. The proportion of children who are taught in schools increases every year in the United States, and in most civilized nations. There are more and more of those whose love of knowledge, whose sense of duty, whose desire of gratifying friends, and whose ambition, impel them to make their utmost exertions to become good scholars. Thus they task their minds unduly, and sometimes exhaust their cerebral energies, and leave their brains a prey to

other causes which may derange them afterwards. The new science which has been lately discovered, or the old sciences that were formerly confined to the learned, but are now simplified and popularized, and offered to the young as a part of their education, multiply the subjects of study, and increase the mental labor of almost all in schools."

This more widely extended education, as well with reference to the number of subjects for study, as of students, has a large influence on the adult mind. Men, and classes of men, Dr. Jarvis remarks, such as in the last century would have thought of nothing but how they should obtain their bread, are now induced to study subjects, and pursue sciences, and burden their brains with great, and sometimes with excessive, labor. New fields of investigation have been laid open within the last hundred, and especially within the last fifty, years. New inducements are offered, so that a greater variety of tastes is invited to their peculiar feasts of knowledge. Many persons now study phrenology, metaphysics, mathematics, physiology, chemistry, botany, and other branches of natural history, to say nothing of mesmerism, biology, &c. In this multiplication of students and of subjects for study, it is not surprising that some sink under the difficulties with which their weak judgments or enervated mental faculties are unable to grapple. Dr. Jarvis also refers, with great justice, to those public moral questions, which now more than formerly interest men's minds; as diet, temperance, public hygiene, &c.; all of which impose much mental labor on minds but imperfectly trained to endure it.*

Increased insanity is not, however, the only result of this excessive cerebral activity. It exercises an important influence on individuals of great social power, as writers, or statesmen, and upon the general mass of individuals in society. As to the former, the individuals themselves are the greatest sufferers; as to the latter, society. It cannot be doubted, we think, that if any agents, operating generally, so modify the corporeal organization, and the modes of mental action of large numbers of individuals (in virtue of their *general* operation) become imperfect, irregular, and unhealthy, we shall have the results displayed on a large scale in national eccentricities, and bizarre, peculiar, and unusual modes of thought and action, in sections and groups of individuals. And this

* "Marsilius Ficinus," Burton observes, "gives many reasons why students *dote* more than others; the first is their negligence. Other men look to their tools; a painter will wash his pencils; a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, forge; a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet if it be dull; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, &c.; a musician will string and unstring his lute, &c.; only scholars neglect that instrument (their brain and spirits, I mean) which they daily use, and by which they range over all the world, which by much study is consumed. The second is contemplation, which dries the brain and extinguishes natural heat; for, whilst the spirits are intent to meditation alone in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come thick and black blood from crudities, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapors cannot exhale."

* On the Supposed Increase of Insanity. By Edward Jarvis, M. D., of Dorchester, Mass. Reprinted from "The American Journal of Insanity."

Life of Sir Walter Scott. By Mr. Lockhart.

Remains of H. K. White.

Memoir of Samuel L. Blanchard. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M. P.

proposition being granted, it further follows, that neither the political economist nor the philosophical statesman can be indifferent to the social condition of the people, as regards their intellectual development, and their too great or irregular exercise of the material organ of the mind. The psychologist and theologian will also enter upon the consideration of this matter with special interest, if he be thereby enabled to explain the deviations from a sound judgment on men and things, and the obliquity of moral vision, displayed by men of no obscure or unimportant position in the world of letters and philosophy. Superstitious and unhesitating credulity, and a strange cunning, have not been manifested in the lower or lowest classes exclusively. The national universities and the three learned professions have sent forth men who have adopted and strenuously promulgated dogmas so extraordinary, so irrational, and so utterly unfounded on fact, that their conduct has been referred to a form of monomania, or to wilful falsehood adopted for interested purposes. Yet probably the causes are really more on the surface, and are simply to be found in the corporeal results of an imperfect mental hygiene.

The present social condition of civilized European nations has had its counterpart in all ages, and therefore presents numerous *historical* points of interest. A very cursory consideration of it from this point of view shows that the causes are complex, although obvious. These we have not at present, however, to investigate; as we propose on this occasion rather to consider the pathology and cure of the *overworked mind* in individuals. We cannot, however, pass over a remarkable illustration of the general fact we have stated, presented to us in the quaintly erudite pages of Burton. In his introduction to the "Anatomy of Melancholy," under the title of "Democritus to the Reader," Burton quotes at length from the Hippocratic writings the description of the visit of Hippocrates to Democritus, at the instance of the citizens of Abdera, who thought their philosopher and benefactor had become insane. Burton adds what fits to the present time: "Never so much cause of laughter as now; never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days; we have now need of a *Democritus to laugh at Democritus*, one jester to flout at another, one fool to flout at another—a great stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian colossus; for now, as Salisburiensis said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*—the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors. . . . He that was a mariner to-day, is an apothecary to-morrow, a smith one while, a philosopher another, in his *voluptas ludis*—a king now with his crown, robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter; and if Democritus were alive now he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whiffers, Cumane asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsides, phantastick shadows, guls, monsters, giddy-heads, butter-flies. . . .

—ubique invenies
Stultos avaros, sycofantas prodigos."

Amongst the causes which operate most influentially in exciting these social aberrations, one of the most potent is, undoubtedly, the over-stimulated, over-worked, irregularly developed mind. It is a law of nature that health, ease, and order shall

spring from labor, or from due use of the organs according to their appointed functions. This is universal. The "primal curse" is thus converted into a blessing. In all creation the due and regular performance of the allotted duties is rewarded by pleasing sensations, strength, and beauty, the undue and irregular, by pain, feebleness, deformity. This law holds good of the psychal as well as the physical, of the moral as well as the material. "Through much tribulation ye shall inherit the kingdom," is a profound truth, whether that empire be corporeal power and beauty, or mental power and virtue. Here labor, however, is not thus rewarded. It must be well-directed, in harmony with the needs and powers of the individual—general, as regards the use of the organs, and not partial. Excessive labor in one exclusive direction produces corporeal deformity and mental obliquity. Just as the nursery-maid becomes the subject of spinal curvature and deformity, from the exclusive use of the right arm in carrying her precious burden, so the man of thought, who directs the energies of his powerful intellect to one subject or class of subjects, becomes mentally deformed. His judgment becomes one-sided, to use an expressive Germanism, or even imbecile, his manners bizarre, his conduct eccentric. It is thus that the eccentricities of men of genius are manifested, even to a proverb.

The evils of excessive study generally, and not simply in one exclusive direction, manifest themselves in morbid conditions of the organ of thought, which, reacting on the mind itself, disorder its manifestations. Hence, it has often been observed how narrow the bounds are between great genius and madness; how frequently the organ breaks down under the strain to which it is subjected. Hence it is that many intellectual suns have arisen in brightness, and set in clouds and darkness; have illumined the world by their morning or mid-day glory, and then have been forever eclipsed by suicide, insanity, or idiocy:—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift becomes a driveller and a show.

Intermediately between the states of perfect vigor and complete disorganization, there are various phases of mental disorder, more distressing, perhaps, to the subject than even total extinction. No man feels more acutely than the man of letters, or the subject of prolonged intellectual labor, that state of mind in which every effort of thought is wearisome, and every object of thought is seen through a medium of gloom, anxiety, and dread. To such, existence is really a burden too heavy to be borne, and the endurance of life, under these circumstances, is probably as heroic an effort of fortitude as the endurance of a cruel martyrdom. The biographies of distinguished authors contain many touching instances of this kind.

Another result of mental toil is seen, not in the disorganization of the fibre of the brain so much as in the wearing out of the vascular system. Every effort of thought is accompanied by an expenditure of living material. The supply of this material is through the blood; hence the blood is sent in greater quantity to the brain in thought, and when the increased demand is constant, an increase in the vascular capacity of the brain becomes necessary, and is provided by the adaptive reaction of the organism. During the earlier periods of life this development of the blood-vessels only ministers to the vigor of the intellectual action;

but when the decline of life commences, and the wear and tear of previous years shows itself, the increased vascularity is a source of danger, and lays the foundation for those diseases which depend upon congestion of the brain. Hence it is that apoplexy and palsy so frequently terminate the lives of great thinkers and writers. Hence, also, the proclivity of the literary and intellectual class to suffer fatally from those fevers and other diseases which attack the brain in preference to less important organs; and hence the distressing, sudden, and premature deaths of men of genius from causes and diseases apparently trivial. In some individuals, particularly those with coexistent disease of the heart and lungs, the vascular system gives way at once, and inflammation or apoplexy, epilepsy or acute mania, supervenes. The prime ministers of Austria and Prussia, during the recent revolutionary period, both succumbed to the overstrain of their material organ. Count Brandenburg, of Prussia, died of inflammation of the brain after only a very short illness; Prince Schwartzburg, of Austria, perished in a moment, of apoplexy.

These various modifications of the mental condition are by no means the absolutely necessary results of mental labor. In the greater majority of studious men there already exists a predisposition to cerebral diseases, or else these are or have been present. This is manifested in various ways. In Scott and Byron the deformity of the foot and leg (talipes) of which they were the subject, indicated that a nervous attack occurred during intra-uterine life, of a paralytic or spasmodic character. Such an occurrence is apt to be accompanied by modifications of the mental characteristics; in some instances, by downright idiocy—this when the spasmodic attack has been severe and the deformity great; in others, by eccentricity, impetuosity of temper, waywardness, genius—and this when there is only a slight deformity, as a slight squint, twist of the foot, &c. Byron had, as a child, a temper sullenly passionate. In his case, the proclivity to irregular action of the nervous system and the peculiarity of temper were derived from his parents. His paternal ancestors were remarkable for their eccentricities, irregular passions, and daring recklessness; and his mother was liable to ungovernable outbursts of temper and feeling. With such parentage, and so constituted, it is not remarkable that Byron fell so early. It is not without a feeling of melancholy that we have perused Moore's account of his last moments; for the gifted biographer himself became subsequently the victim of his ardor, and his own glorious faculties were extinguished by mental, though not corporeal, death. Writing of Byron, he states: "The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet—his long fastings—his expedients for the allayment of hunger—his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food—and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages—all these could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health. . . . When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no Sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—'an old feel.' To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame,

of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed—to present the grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

Glittering like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruined him!"

The fever of which Byron died, displayed its fatal effects principally on the cerebrum. Whether the copious bleeding which was practised for his cure was judicious or not, we do not pretend to decide. We can affirm generally, however, that men and women so constituted seldom bear bleeding. The fate of the lamented Malibran comes to our remembrance, as we record Byron's protest against the depletion which was practised in his case. Referring to the opinion, as expressed by Dr. Reid in his essays, to the effect, "that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet," he observed, "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says, that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the cords of a musical instrument whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension? Even before this illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become; and, bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me." We believe it is now thoroughly established amongst all judicious practitioners, that patients who have great cerebral activity, not only do not bear bleeding well, but have their lives endangered by loss of blood. We could refer to warning examples, if it were not a painful and invidious task to select them. We can assert with great certainty, however, that the *pabulum vite* must not be rashly withdrawn from the *overworked mind*.

Perhaps there is no more touching and instructive psychological history than that which details the phenomena of mental decadence, and bodily decline, amidst which the hand of the mighty magician of the north,

Who rolled back the current of time,

drooped, at last, in helpless paralysis. In this mournful history (which, as detailed by Lockhart, we can never peruse without some wellings of emotion), there is chronicled the special physiology and pathology of the overworked mind. It is the history of a "case,"—too common, alas!—not to be neglected by those who now mount as upon the wings of eagles. At a time when pecuniary difficulties added to his mental labors, Sir Walter had to tug at the literary oar, and paid the first "penalty of his unparalleled toils" on the 15th February, 1830, when he had a slight apoplectic attack, more than two years and a half before his death. Mr. Lockhart justly remarks—"When we recollect that both his father and elder brother died of paralysis, and consider the terrible violence of agitation and exertion to which Sir Walter had been subjected during the four preceding years, the only wonder is, that this blow (which had, I suspect, several distinct harbingers) was deferred so long; there can be none that it was soon followed by others of the same description." Sir Walter was not without sufficient warning, but the long habit of literary labor was too strong for him; and after so distinct a notice of the state of the material organ, he still worked as industriously as ever. During the following winter his state of mind was distressingly shown to his amanuensis. Mr. Lockhart observes—"A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had.

about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly, taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigor; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse.

Along the chords the fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made.

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, 'his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men.' Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the clouds dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old, and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness." Under these circumstances it was no wonder that his medical advisers assured him repeatedly and emphatically that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring with redoubled severity. His answer was, "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, *now don't boil*. . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should go mad!" The fate of Swift and Marlborough was also before his eyes; and in his journal there is an entry expressive of his fear lest the anticipated blow should not destroy life, and that he might linger on, a driveller and a show. "I do not think my head is weakened" (this was a subsequent entry)—"yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail—becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose?"

That way madness lies—let me shun that.
No more of that —."

And when at the court-house of Jedburgh he faced the rabble populace and braved their hootings, the same idea of impending calamity was still present to his mind, as he greeted them on turning away, in the words of the doomed gladiator, "*Moriturus vos saluto*." "As the plough neared the end of the furrow," to use Scott's own expressive phrase, he was still urged on by his fixed habits of labor. "Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by various attendant ailments, cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel (which was, though last, not least), he retained all the energy of his will, and struggled manfully against this sea of troubles."

Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in literary men than this enchantment with labor, and hardly anything less distressing when rest is needed. The mind seems as if it were a wild horse, to which the body is helplessly fastened; or as if it were an imperious tyrant, demanding incessant toil. Hardly is one literary undertaking completed—often before the finishing touches are put to the work—and the "maker" is casting about for another undertaking. This peculiarity

in literary men is one of the most obvious, most strongly marked, and most fatal.

Leland was the Sir Walter Scott of his day. Beloved by his king and devoted to the history and antiquities of his country, like Scott, he was a more accomplished scholar; for his ample mind embraced the languages of Greece and Italy, of modern times, and of those out of which English arose. He was a great traveller on the European continent, and he cultivated poetry with ardor. As the "king's antiquary," he spent six years in the survey and study of our national antiquities. He travelled over every county; surveyed towns, cities, and rivers, examined castles, cathedrals, monasteries, tumuli; investigated coins, and copied manuscripts and inscriptions, "*yn so much that*," (as he writes, in his 'New Year's Gift to Henry VIII.') "*al my other Occupations intermitted, I have so traveled yn yowr Dominions booth by the Se Costes and the midle Partes, sparing nother Labor nor Costes, by the space of these vi Yeres paste, that there is almoste nother Cape, nor Bay, Haven, Creke or Peere, River, or Confluence of Rivers, Breches, Waschis, Lakes, Meres, Fenny Waters, Montaynes, Vallies, Mores, Iethes, Forestes, Chases, Wooddes, Cities, Burges, Castelles, principale Manor Placis, Monasteries, and Colleges, but I have seene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of Things, very memorabile.*" The vast accumulations of materials which resulted from this industry, occupied him another six years to shape and polish. And his bibliographical were as great as his itinerant labors. He was learned in "Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, British, Saxon, Welsh, and Scottish" literature. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was an ardent patriot, and the great end and aim of all his toils was the renown of his native land. He trusted so to write its ancient history, that the old glory of renowned Britain should "reflorish thorough the worlde." But the mighty intellect succumbed to the overwhelming struggle. His conceptions were too great for his frame; so that when about to complete his undertaking he became maniacal, and died in his fortieth year; or, in the words of honest William Burton, the antiquary, "*Sed cum hoc rude chaos et pergrandis acervus digerendus et in ordinem methodicum redigendus esset, nam vel sui diffidentia non perficiendi hac magna quæ pollicitus est laborans, vel terrore immensitatis tantæ et tam vastæ molis devictus, confusus et vitiatu cerebro è potestate mentis suæ decidit et phrenetica mania (quod lugendum sane) expiravit.*" The melancholy that cherishes genius may also destroy it, is the sound remark of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." "Leland, brooding over his voluminous labors, seemed to love and to dread them; sometimes to pursue them with rapture, and sometimes to shrink from them with despair." He feared, to use his own language,

— non pereant brevi vel horâ
Mularum mihi nocturni labores
Omnes, et patriæ simul decora
Ornamenta cadant.

Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an overworked mind. A painfully interesting illustration is afforded to us by a little episode in Miss Mitford's "Recollections," respecting Clare, as the insanity was rather that of the imagination than the instinct or feelings. Miss Mitford remarks: "A few years ago he was visited by a friend of mine, who gave me a

most interesting account of the then state of his intellect. His delusions were at that time very singular in their character; whatever he read, whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind, as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. My friend was struck with the narrative of the execution of Charles I., recounted by Clare as a transaction that had occurred yesterday, and of which he was an eye-witness; a narrative the most graphic and minute; with an accuracy as to costume and manners far exceeding what would probably have been at his command if seen. It is such a lucidity as the disciples of Mesmer claim for clairvoyance. Or he would relate the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson with the same perfect keeping, especially as to seamanship, fancying himself one of the sailors who had been in the action, and dealing out nautical phrases with admirable exactness and accuracy, although it is doubtful if he ever saw the sea in his life."

But, perhaps, of all the ills to which excessive mental labor gives rise, *melancholia* and the *suicidal monomania* are the most distressing. The insane hand has thus stolen away many a valuable life, which might with the most ordinary precaution have been saved. The lamented death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, supervened upon excessive devotion to those toils of state, which, for some few days at least before his death, manifested the ravages they were committing on the organ of intellect. Often the attack is sudden, oftener it is preceded by a predisposition to lowness of spirits, and by thoughts of the most depressing kind. Sir Walter Scott remarks upon this state of feeling when he would have thrown away his life, as a child a broken toy: "Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has felt so. O God! What are we?—Lords of nature?—Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else." The narrative of the poet Cowper, in which he describes his mental condition during one of his paroxysms of suicidal melancholia, is as touching as it is instructive. The intolerable anguish—the impulse of self-destruction—the vain struggle to resist, or bravely endure:

O wretched state! O bosom! black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, Angels, make assay!*

Perhaps amongst the modern victims of overwork who thus perished, Samuel Laman Blanchard merits special notice. His memoir, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, prefixed to his "Sketches from Life," is a touching biographical sketch. "Few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal, of narrow

circumstance, of daily labor, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of resolution, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmaturing resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination, is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, dependent less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good." Like Byron, Laman Blanchard had a predisposition to cerebral disorder. At an early age he experienced a paroxysm of suicidal excitement; in the earlier part of his life he abstained wholly from animal food—an undoubted mark of eccentricity to the eye of the physician, whatever vegetarians may say or think; and it was during an acute attack of cerebral irritation that he perished. It was ushered in, however, with the usual warnings. When cking out his income by "a constant waste of intellect and strength," his wife was seized with paralysis and became subject to fits. His vivacity now failed him, and he became subject to deep depression of spirits. "His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief, without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally; sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room to give way to emotions which seemed to arise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtaken, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came." Amidst all this, his constant thought was of fresh literary enterprises; a "limed soul" he was, yet not struggling to be free. So long had he toiled that the image of toil literally dogged him. He chalked out schemes, more numerous, and even more ambitious than any in which he had before indulged. Amongst the rest he meditated "a work upon the boyhood and youth of eminent men;" (we quote his biographer) "on which he wrote to consult me, and for which I ransacked my memory to supply him with anecdotes and illustrations. He passed whole days—even weeks—without stirring abroad, writing and grieving as it were together."

In this short sketch, how clearly the psychiatric practitioner recognizes the premonitory symptoms of cerebral congestion—how deeply he grieves that no warning voice was raised—no helping hand stretched forth to snatch him from the abyss, upon the verge of which he evidently stood. The rest followed quickly. Intolerance of light—an attack of hemiplegia—imperfection of vision—spectral illusions—terrible forebodings of some undefined calamity—violent delirium—suicidal impulse—and then the act itself.

We once more quote his biographer—because some apology is due to our readers for this

* Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, act iii., sc. 3.

barrowing history—for the moral. "Thus, at the early age of forty-one, broken in mind and body, perished this industrious, versatile, and distinguished Man of Letters. And if excuse be needful for dwelling so long upon details of a painful nature, it may be found in the deep interest which science takes in the pathology of such sufferers, and in the warnings they may suggest to the laborers of the brain when the first ominous symptoms of over-toil come on, and while yet repose is not prescribed too late."

Laman Blanchard was the biographer of a kindred sufferer—L. E. L. Her history, also, is not without an emphatic warning; but we forbear to dwell longer upon this painful subject. There is one other result of mental labor which, however, deserves notice—namely, that in which the horrors of confirmed *hypochondriasis* afflict the toiler. This shows itself, not merely in the common form of weak fancies as to the bodily health, or in unaccountable gloom, but also in a less understood form, in which the judgment is weakened, and the individual gets committed to some intellectual folly in science and literature, religion or politics. The man is not actually insane, or, if insane, there is method in his madness; but his feelings are easily acted upon, his credulity is unbounded, and his actions consequently unworthy his reputation or his intellect. We feel that this is delicate ground, and we therefore avoid specifying particular instances, not desiring to hurt conscientious convictions, whether in science or religion, although they are only held and expressed after (as we think) the mind is weakened by overwork. We may, however, quote here a medical review of high authority, without risk of offence. The remarks are made in reference to the disease termed "cerebropathy" by some, by others "nervousness," and by others "brain-fag," treated very successfully by certain empirics:—"A disease of literary, political, and professional men—of men who have changed night into day, either in the pursuit of science, literature, or pleasure, and robbed the brain of the repose necessary to its vigorous action. In such, a hypochondriacal condition verging upon insanity is the real state; the brain is enfeebled, the mind is in a degree imbecile, the imagination predominant. It is with this disease upon them, that men of refinement, of genius, of learning, of high station in their respective walks, fall a prey to quacks, religious and medical, and become the subjects of homoeopathic, hydropathic, and mesmeric treatment; or, still worse, abandon friends and the healthy, useful employments of vigorous manhood, for the pursuit of ecclesiastical phantoms or the rigor of an ascetic 'retreat.'"

Although we have hitherto illustrated the history of the overworked mind by examples drawn from literature, we do not by any means wish it to be understood that it is peculiar to this class of intellectual toilers. The bar, the parliament, the exchange, the universities, and the numerous minor channels in which energetic mental labor predominates, all supply ample illustrations. Still, in the literary class of men we have presented to us the type of the whole, and whatever is applicable to them is applicable also to the others. There are varieties, however, determined more or less by the sedentary, or gregarious, or active habits, of the individual; and there is one important class of overworkers, in whom the brain is worked before it has attained its full development

and capacity for labor. This class includes *young* persons of all kinds, to whom academical emulation, or the *res angusta domi*, acts as a stimulus to excessive mental toil.

Perhaps the *overworked student* is as familiar an instance of the fearful results which follow on excessive mental culture, as the overworked literary man. The universities and colleges afford numerous examples, and it is somewhat difficult to select one from the number. It is of importance to remember that the glaring instances (such as that of Henry Kirke White) are not the most instructive or the most frequent. For one victim who sinks down in the heat of the battle, amidst the sympathies of an admiring public, two or three are doomed to a life of dull mediocrity or intellectual imbecility. The violent effort may not have induced insanity, or any obvious disease of the intellect, yet, from the time that it was accomplished, the student ceases to labor as was his wont, and the early promise of talent and usefulness is effectually defeated. It was the fate of Southey to suffer at the close of his career from the same causes which arrested the course of the two brother poets whose sufferings he related, namely, Chatterton and Kirke White. Chatterton was an illustration of the indigent *littérateur* perishing by his own hand; White of the student ambitious for academical honors, perishing at the moment of victory. White overworked himself before he went to Cambridge, and had doubtless thereby enfeebled a cerebral fibre never strong. While still an articled clerk at the age of eighteen, we are informed by his biographer that, after the ordinary duties of the day, he "allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larm*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application." His health soon sunk under these habits; and his constitution experienced a shock which it never recovered. During his first term at Cambridge he had to try for a university scholarship, as well as to pass the general examination. "Once more he exerted himself [for the latter] beyond what his shattered health would bear, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him with all possible earnestness to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate after the senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty." In his letters, Kirke White gives sad glimpses of the state of his mind while at Cambridge. He was overwhelmed, previously to his examination, with melancholy. "I wandered up and down," he writes at the close of 1805, "from one man's room to another, and from one

college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits." In February following (1806), he says, "The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight overstretch of the mind in the day-time occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake my life." How significant these premonitory phenomena—how vivid the warnings to him who could read them aright! The next stage (of congestion) our readers will be prepared for. "Last Saturday morning" (we quote again from one of his letters, dated July, 1806), "I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek history (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decipher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done anything at them when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my landress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it," &c. A few weeks after this he went to London to relax—"the worst place," as Southey very correctly remarks, "to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendant, that, if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected." He first became delirious, then sunk into stupor, and so died. How pregnant a warning is this history to ambitious tutors and parents! What a lesson against aiming for "the bubble reputation" instead of a fitness for solid usefulness through a prolonged life! A sad disappointment, indeed, it is—to quote White's own lines—

— to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat!

Having so fully illustrated the consequences of unnatural toil of the mind, it is incumbent on us to point out the remedy. This has been long understood, and is obvious. In one word, it is REST. It is the removal of the cause—the first step in the cure of all diseases. But it is not so easy to apply this remedy to the special cases under consideration, partly because in by far the larger proportion the toil is almost imperatively demanded by circumstances, partly because, as we have seen, the habit for labor of the kind has so fixed itself, that it is all but irresistible. It is of far greater importance that the laborer shall so labor that he shall gather strength, and not weakness, from his toil, in accordance with the order of Divine Providence. To this end there is only one way, namely, to labor in humble subjection to the laws of our mental and corporeal well-being. Intellectual labor need not necessarily induce the frightful ills we have described or catalogued; on the contrary, it is that by which the progressive development of mankind as a created being can alone be secured.

It is therefore not merely the privilege, but the duty, of every man to work his intellectual faculties to the utmost limit consistent with sound health, so that he may thereby not only add to the general stock of wisdom and knowledge, but also so act upon himself corporeally, that some part of that improvement in his mental powers with which mental labor rewards him, may be transmitted to a vigorous offspring.

In analyzing the histories of many victims to intellectual toil, we cannot but be struck with the general fact, that a total disregard of their *bodily* health was as much a moving cause of their disasters as their prolonged mental efforts. The man who neglects the ordinary appliances of health, and the ordinary rules of existence, cannot fail to suffer. Nervousness, and melancholy, and low spirits, are as much the lot of the luxurious, the indolent, and the dissipated, as of the man of letters, the statesman, or the merchant. The prevention of the morbid results we have alluded to is comprised in the word SELF-DENIAL. A voluminous writer of the last century lived to be 87 years of age. He not only was a great commentator, a philosopher, an encyclopædist, a divine, but he had upon his mind the care of the whole body of "the people called Methodists," and who now bear his name. It was only by his sound common sense, his self-denial, and his sense of duty, that he was enabled to be "in labor more abundant." As an amusing instance of John Wesley's practical common sense, we extract the following from his advice to his preachers, whom he ruled as a preceptor as well as a father. Some of them were complaining, at a "Conference" held at Leeds in the year 1778, of being "nervous," and suffering from nervous disorders. As to these, he observes, (we quote from the published minutes)—

Q. What advice would you give to those that are nervous?

A. Advice is made for them that will take it. But who are they? One in ten, or twenty?

Then I advise:—

1. Touch no dram, tea, tobacco, or snuff.
2. Eat very light, if any supper.
3. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea.
4. Lie down before ten;—rise before six.
5. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or,
6. MURDER YOURSELF BY INCHES !*

We do not know that much can be added to this quaint but sound advice. Daily exercise, early rising, the total abnegation of spirits, fermented drinks, tobacco in any form, and tea, dinner in the middle of the day, are rules which any intelligent man must see are particularly applicable to those who work the nervous system exclusively. Daily exercise must be taken to balance cerebral with muscular activity. Stimulants to the nervous system must be avoided, because it is already over-stimulated by thought. Repose for the brain and sensorial nerves must be secured by going early to rest, because nature has ordained that repose is necessary for their healthy action, and because the hours of darkness after sunset, are universally the hours of repose of those animals that are not nocturnal in their habits. Abstinence from gross living is requisite, because the waste of the system is not in the muscles, but in the

* Minutes of the Methodist Conference. Ed. 1812. Vol. i., p. 136.

minor agent, as regards material extent—the cerebrum.

It is, perhaps, as to the mode in which these habits can be practised that there will be the greatest difference of opinion. It is very easy to prescribe daily exercise to the hard-working statesman, or man of letters, or professional man; but how is he to secure it amidst the hurry of metropolitan life, and in the wilderness of baked clay and granite of metropolitan streets? Early to rest may be most wholesome, but how is it practicable with the present arrangements of daily life in the larger towns? Strong tea may be “bad for the nerves,” but without it the jaded student truly says, “I should have no nerves at all! and as for avoiding tobacco, how could I exist without my delicious Havana, the sole solace of my studies?” Thus, secondary circumstances, as well as the primary necessity, bind the intellectual laborer to a wearisome, health-destroying cycle of influences to which he is helplessly subject, and from which it is only by efforts almost superhuman that he can escape.

The prevention of disease, under circumstances like these, can only be attained by a united effort and a combination of all those interested. Thus made it is not surely quite an impossibility. The stimulus of emulation might excite to athletic exercises; and steady advocacy through the press of more rational hours for social enjoyment, might do much in modifying the late hours of fashionable life; an earlier dinner hour, morning operas, &c., would not be altogether useless. It is, however, quite in the power of the individual to do much for himself. Thorough ablution of the head once or twice a day with cold water, or even a slight shower bath, will do much service to the material organ. Extreme temperance in diet would also keep the head clear; but, above all, cessation from mental effort, so soon as the premonitory symptoms of over-work show themselves. Hot eyes, flushed face, irritable temper, drowsiness, uneasy slumbers, slight vertigo, or, during sleep, something like somnambulism instead of dreams, should be attended to instantly. If any of these supervene, a cessation from labor is strenuously indicated. From that moment, all head-work is out of the capital stock of strength; it is true wear and tear, and the loss thus incurred must either be speedily replaced, or disorder and disease will result. Physiological laws, it cannot be too well remembered, are as inexorable as the physical. The rest is comprised in two things;—GENTLE BODILY EXERCISE, SLEEP.

No man who works his brain actively should work all the year round. Of all organs of the body it is that which the most enjoys a holiday. The most practicable and the most useful is a pedestrian excursion, and upon this point we would again quote from the “British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.” “In this class of cases there is a more legitimate remedy than these empirical [the hydropathic] appliances, and that is, a pedestrian tour, such as Dr. Forbes enjoyed, and has described in his pleasant ‘Physician’s Holiday.’ Let the man of refinement and imagination, who is pestered with thick-coming fancies, especially after reading ‘The Fathers,’ and feels that he has lost the healthy, noble feeling of self-reliance, which characterizes the true man, flee to the mountains for solace, rather than to an ascetic, enthusiastic priest. Let him defer the performance of what he thinks to be a duty, and the practice

of what he yearns for, as a refuge from his gloom, until he has strengthened the organ of thought and enjoys a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Without this, his sacrifices and martyrdom are but the self-imposed evils of a foolish hypochondriac, and of no religious value whatever. If, after breaking away from all his engrossing studies, and holding converse with nature in her sublimest aspects—drinking nothing more potent than water—walking twenty miles a-day, and every evening taking a warm bath—if, after a three months’ pedestrian tour in the Tyrol, Switzerland, or Scotland, so conducted, he returns to the world and finds its aspect toward him unchanged, and he has no desire to do his duty—solid duties—actively and earnestly, then there is nothing for him but to ‘retreat,’ and live amidst the phantoms and chimeras which are to his taste. ‘Hellebore,’ will not cure him; Bath, the Brünnen, and Malvern will be alike useless; and even the false miracles of Mesmerism will ‘pale their ineffectual ray,’ before those of another class, which to his morbid imagination appear real.”*

There is still another class of head-workers—those to whom no holiday comes, to whom a pedestrian excursion is too great a luxury to be even dreamed of, and who must work at all hazards. These may ward off many evils by a strict diet and regimen, and by varying from time to time the subject of their studies. This is the great secret of safe continued head-work. It is a species of cerebral gymnastics, by which all parts of the organ of thought are equally worked. With this and a sedulous attention to the bodily health, by the simple means which common sense dictates, many have been enabled to work long and strenuously with comparative impunity, and, although the evil day must come at last, it is long deferred.

We have offered to the man of mind few other than what may appear selfish motives to induce him to guard well the powers God has given him. We have not forgotten, however, that from him to whom much is given much also will be required. Unless this higher motive of duty direct the laborer in the field of intellect; unless he guard his gifts as things held only in trust, and use them as one who must render an account—he will spend his days in labor, and late take rest in vain. Too late he will learn by bitter experience that, in his case,

Life’s but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

THE Long Island grasshoppers were drowned by millions in the late profuse rains. Turkeys are among the most effectual exterminators of this insect. We have heard a story of a flock of turkeys which, not long since, were turned into a field of grass, and cleared it of grasshoppers in a very short time. They walked from one end of the field to the other in a row of twenty or more, nearly abreast, snapping up the grasshoppers as they went. When they had cleared a strip of considerable breadth in this manner, they walked back again on that portion of the field next to the space already cleared, repeating the same process. Grasshoppers, it is said, are as easily driven as geese. At Snarlington, a place east of Jericho, a farmer cleared a field of them by driving them into a sort of pen, where he secured three pecks of them, which were given to his turkeys.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

GOETHE complained that modern poets put too much water in their ink. Of many modern novel-wrights, we may similarly, or inversely, complain that they put too little ink in their water. No wonder, then, that the manuscript so soon becomes *fade*, colorless, illegible, and survives not the "first reading." Even a large piece of bullion will only supply a certain amount of gold-leaf, and cover a limited surface. Genius, too, has its boundaries. If it pass them, it must pay the penalty, and that is sometimes a heavy toll. Genius has no infinite mood. In trying to prove that it has, it becomes an irregular verb. Mrs. Trollope is one of those who, by over-writing, refuse to do themselves justice. At least, she writes too fast, and gives way too indulgently to the rash speed of her gray-goose quill, so that it sometimes, in the nature of things, leads her a wild-goose chase. Her gold-leaf is beaten too thin; her ink, though abounding in gall, is diluted with too much water. Not that we hold the impossibility of a prolific author being a great author, confronted as such a theory is by ancient and mediæval literature, belied as such an *unwise* saw is by so many modern instances. But there are cases in which the fecundity proves the weakness of the offspring, as well as the vigor of the parent. The talent is too widely diffused, instead of being wisely concentrated. Three or four of Mrs. Trollope's works are marked by a more terse and compact habit of thought, and show, by their superiority to the rest of the family, what she can produce when she likes. Assuredly this lady's industry and exuberance of invention entitle her to the proverbial name she enjoys, or endures, for prolific authorship. With Virgil's rustic we may admiringly exclaim:—

O quoties, et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est!*

In vain have reviewers tried to keep up with her. A blue-stocking who travels in seven-leagued boots may well run critics and criticasters out of breath—she triumphantly ascending the hill difficulty, as fresh as a daisy, while they wallow, and struggle, and give up the race (and almost the ghost) in the Slough of Despond. Pant and puff as they will to run her home, she is in a trice miles out of sight, over the hills and far away, and wondering what those sluggish lameters are doing in the rear. It was once suggested by Tom Moore,† as an expedient to keep pace with the *celeritas incredibilis* of certain literary Cæsars, that they should each have a reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises. But would one such officer suffice in the case of Mrs. Trollope? We trow not. Poor wight, he would "strike" ere the first year was out; and his successor, however able-bodied and conscientious a man-of-all-work, would find the accumulated arrears too much for him, protest that the place was too hard for him, and go off at a month's warning. What a Lady Bountiful hath Mrs. Trollope been to printers, Marlborough-street puff-factors, Wellington-street advertising columns, provincial paper-makers, and eke, we fear, to universal trunk-makers! The prosiest of utilitarians must be sensible to the weight of her claims in this economical aspect, and must reverence (in spite of

his *nil admirari* temperament) the colossal scale on which she has employed national capital and labor. Nor is she ever weary in this well-doing, nor does she ever betray symptoms of fatigue. Again and again are novel-readers on the wrong scent, and have quite lost the trail, when asking one another, "Have you read Mrs. Trollope's last?" finding that what they supposed her most recent venture has been superseded by two or three others, and that the hypothetical "last" is neither the ultimate, nor penultimate, nor even antepenultimate, but quite an old story in the *rationale* of circulating libraries. And we have a profound conviction that so inveterate is this *kalo* or *kakothēs scribendi* in her constitution—and so impressed is she with the resolution not to suffer the cold oblivion implied in the adage, "Out of sight, out of mind"—that she will be found to have taken measures for many a year to come, by which her perpetual reappearance shall be ensured. Depend upon it, her literary executors will be entrusted with the supervision of a few bales of "copy," containing work for generations of compositors and readers yet unborn; so that novels of the approved Trollope fabric may, by a judiciously frugal rate of publication (say two or three per annum) be made to last some half-way into the next century. If, however, our prognostications should be disproved by the event, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that it was only because the novelist's will was wanting; and if we chance to survive her, we shall battle as stoutly as ever in behalf of her power to have worked out this *paulo-post-futurum*. Our faith in her potentiality is ilimitable. But there are such things as "foiled potentialities," as Mr. Carlyle so graphically shows*—and that fact must be our apology, if Time, the Avenger, should call us false prophets, or other bad names. But we must leave to the *New Monthly* critic of A. D. 1950 the duty of defending our hallowed memory on this score.

Satire is, perhaps, the characteristic of Mrs. Trollope's writings—satire of a hard, poignant, persevering sort, which is little akin to the more graceful raillery of Mrs. Gore, or to Thackeray's good-natured irony. It wears an almost vicious look—goes about seeking whom it may devour—snaps at strangers—bites as well as barks, and, when it does bite, makes its teeth meet. There is nothing reserved or indefinite in its vocables; it carries no trace of "equivocal generation;" it beats about no bush, nor strives to break the fall of its victims, nor meditates excuse for its own hostility. To "damn with faint praise," it knows not; to "hesitate dislike," it scornfully repudiates. It is alien from all these refined equivokes and dissembling sarcasms which, to compass their ends,

assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.†

Its lines are deeply indented and coarsely grained, and do not fall on pleasant places. In anatomizing her subjects, Mrs. Trollope shows no profound psychological science; in fact, her incisions are often but skin-deep; but then she gashes to and fro after a terrible sort, and produces jagged wounds, and leaves unsightly scars, and seems to revel in diagrams of morbid pathology. Her illustrations are generally lively, not always truthful, and frequently

* Bueol. III., 72.

† In his "Edinburgh Review" of Lord Thurlow's Poems, September, 1814.

* "Latter Day Pamphlets."

† Pope (Prologue to the Satires).

farfetched. The absurdities and abuses of social life have had few sharper inquisitors, but many of abler discrimination and more practical judgment. Fools and villains are not to be shamed and reformed, or their ugliness to be made a warning, by unqualified expositions of their actual or their ideal excesses. Satire, by being too broad, too unconditional, too straightforward, defeats its being's end and aim. Its acute angles become obtuse, and its parallel lines never meet their object. According to Sir Walter Scott, the nicest art of satire lies in a skilful mixture of applause and blame; there must be an appearance of candor, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of censure, as to make the picture natural.* But in no case is Mrs. Trollope a friend to the *media via*. If she scolds, it must be vehemently; if she admires, it must be sweepingly—like the duke, with whom

Railing and praising were the usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

In the same manner, her humorists are too often buffoons; her wit trenches on caricature; her romance goes Surrey melodramatic lengths; her comedy merges in farce. A blackguard à la Trollope is all black. In reading her fictions we are consciously *en rapport* with a clear-seeing and clever woman, who surprises us with the extent, the variety, and the lucidity of her visions; but we feel the while that truth and nature are sacrificed or forgotten—that the clairvoyance is a skilful delusion, the performance a make-believe, the performer a professional artiste. Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Trollope draws from life, and supplies the finishing touches as well as the outline from the same source. But, as a rule, she overdoes nature, or contrives to do without it—*novis saltem judicibus*.

The celebrity of that literary scandalum to the taste of Uncle Sam, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which he reckons to "whip creation" in the article of *scan. mag.*, was not rivalled by the accompanying novel, "The Refugee in America," with which Mrs. Trollope clenched her argument. The former was fiction enough, on American showing—it was all "tarnation romance" from beginning to end; and to follow it up by a professed work of fancy or unreality, was adding insult to injury. From the vulgarianism and utilitarianism of this prosaic theme, she turned in the following year (1833) to Italy and the sixteenth century, producing "The Abbess," a romance rich in convent characteristic, love intrigues, and Inquisition unpleasantness. The same strong and pointed lance that had just run-amuck against Yankeeedom, was now couched, in the same martial and uncompromising spirit, against old abuses of ultramontanism. There is ingenuity, but no great grasp of passion or power, in this tale; some of the characters are spirited, but they are superficially drawn, and, when we close the book, they leave hardly a trace behind to recall and perpetuate the circumstances under which we "were first acquent." The author's penchant for political agitation and polemical romance, of which later years produced notable proofs in the career of Michael Armstrong and Jessie Phillips, declared itself in 1836 by the pub-

lication of the "Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw"—an atrocious rascal, who plays pranks to make angels weep and gentlemen swear, upon slave-hordes of what old Fuller called "God's images cut in ebony," on the banks of the Mississippi. For depicting an unmitigated scoundrel of the A 1 force—one of those male excrecences of human nature which now and then appear in paper and print—commend us to *female* novelists in general and Mrs. Trollope in particular. To adopt a fastidious paraphrase, she goes the entire animal. Othello peered downwards to see whether Iago had not cloven feet.* The feet of Mrs. Trollope's splendid sinners reveal the theft—almost as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door—through patent leather and all. Wondrous is her arithmetical mastery of these impossible quantities. A good hater herself, she indoctrinates us with her principles, until the force of hating can no further go, and the sense of our incapacity to wreak summary vengeance on the objects of it becomes intolerable, and makes us scream for the police, or frantically devise other retaliatory measures. The prosperity of Mr. Whitlaw increases our repugnance to his malpractices; and the savage relief we feel when he is at last checkmated in the game of life, by that grim old Obi crone, is positively unchristian in its ebullitions. Yet Jonathan is ably represented; and other characters there are in the book which attest the writer's vigor and comprehensive skill—as Lotte Steinmark, the winsome German *Fräulein*, and Lucy Blight, and Aunt Clio—(great is Mrs. Trollope in the matter of aunts). In the following years "The Vicar of Wrexhill" made his celebrated *debut*; and to this hour that clerical notoriety is considered by many—taking him and his history together—the masterpiece of his race. As usual, the story bristles with satire of the roughest, and, as usual, it excited a stormy outcry from those whom it assailed. That the Doctor Cantwell, or Tartuffe, of this work, is an exaggerated piece of moral deformity we should be sorry to doubt; and that the acrimony and heat of Mrs. Trollope's strictures *en masse* are offensive and immoderate we are constrained to hint. But we fancy she did the state some service by this *exposé* of Jesuitism in social life—this onslaught upon the morbid phases of the "Evangelical" school. So far we view it with a degree of approval similar to that we award to Sydney Smith's crusade against the Methodists,† when he laughed at the accounts of Providence destroying an in-keeper at Garstang, for appointing a cockfight near the Tabernacle, and of a man who was cured of scrofula by a single sermon, and of the poor Leather-lungs who, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunderstorm, imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a mere hint to him not to preach at Mr. Romaine's chapel. We incline to hold with a distinguished clerical poet, that

he only is the Evangelical
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly magazines,
Decked with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of commentators, who, with loathsome track,
Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page

* Thus Dryden's Portraiture of Shaftesbury ("Absalom and Achitophel") qualifies the censure so artfully with praise of his talents, as to render his faults even more conspicuous and more hateful.—Scott's "Life of Dryden," 56.

* Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Othello, Act V., Scene 2.

† Works of Rev. S. Smith, vol. i.

Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit like a nightmare !*

This, and not the accomplished spouter who turns out on a Sunday morning, "with looks saddening the very sunshine, to instruct the parish poor in evangelic lore," and teach them to cast off all good works as filthy rags, and to fly morality as the gates of hell. What sort of world would that school substitute for the world they bid us forsake and *in toto* abandon ! A dark, narrow world, indeed—so Christopher North has answered that question—yet narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and too often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness ; for nature thwarted, must dwindle into decay or distortion—the very shape of the soul becomes deformed, its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age ; the spring is struck out of life ; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed ; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms. Bad philosophy and worse religion !† Hence our sympathy with the "high-and-dry" bard's apostrophe :—

Oh, shallow, and oh senseless ! in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale,
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wild world
Groans with the burden of offences—‡

who swallow camels, straining at a gnat ; who deem the Almighty frowns upon his throne, because two pair of harmless dowagers,

Whose life has lapsed without a stain, beguile
An evening hour with cards ; who deem that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband.

In its tendency, therefore, to "show up" a sham system and a sham professor of sanctity, we recognize something healthy and seasonable in the "Vicar of Wrexhill." The effect of this beneficial tendency was, however, as in so many other instances of Mrs. Trollope's polemical ventures, warped and disabled by the bitterness of the medium employed for its "exhibition," as doctors say. The character of the Vicar has been not unjustly pronounced, by a favorable as well as competent reviewer, "not merely a libel on the sect, but a libel on humanity." Painful as this novel is in tone and in details, and overwrought though it be in glare of coloring and in the drawing of the central figure, it is the one of its author's thousand-and-one productions which most completely and pointedly illustrates the individuality of her art—its disagreeableness of course included.

The subject of "Michael Armstrong" trenches upon the debatable ground of art. The province of fiction has its limits. "Child-torturers," says Currer Bell, "slave-masters, and drivers, I consign to the hands of gaolers ; the novelist may be excused from sully his page with the record of their deeds."§ Whether the novelist may be excused for depicting those deeds in extravagant form and lurid coloring, is another question, and one which touches Mrs. Trollope a little closely. For she has here detailed a very revolting, and, as we think (albeit no devotees to the cause of cotton lords and millocracy), a very *ex parte* sort of history—whereof neither the fiction interests, nor the logic convinces, nor the rhetoric subdues us. The titled

Vampire of the tale, Sir Matthew Dowling, is an impossible creature—happily for human nature, though unhappily for the success of the novelist ; she represents him as a brute of incomparable coarseness, an atrocious scoundrel whose very name excites kicking propensities in every male reader's *pedis pollex*, and at the same time a man of ambitious and refined intellect, aspiring to the credit of a literary and accomplished gentleman, a speaker of modern languages, a critical French scholar, a playful votary of the Muses himself, and a universal *Mæcenas* to all who wield a pen in their service—valuing himself chiefly upon his reputation for the lighter graces of wit and gallantry, for being a delightful something between Killigrew and Count de Grammont—so that there is no receptacle of wit from Joe Miller downwards, no gallant memoir in an unintelligible tongue, which Sir Matthew does not study with assiduity and perseverance of the highest order. Such is Mrs. Trollope's Manchester model man—the representative in her parliament of the cotton interest—the *ex uno disce omnes* pattern of mill-owners and manufacturers. And this vulgar oppressor has a familiar worthy of him, in the person of Mr. Joseph Parsons—a parasite who contracts to do his principal's dirty work wholesale, and does it beautifully—breaking the hearts and the bones of the factory folks after a magnificent system of his own. Such a couple of ogres can be had to order, to any amount, from the staff of dramatists at our minor theatres, or the "Able Editors" of our red republications. They are unworthy of the ingenuity and torism of Mrs. Trollope. Not much more to our taste, in point of draughtsmanship at least, are Dr. Crockley, whose sportive malice is so repulsive—and the Lady Clarissa, a sentimentalist *minus* a heart ; and even the good people have more goodness than goodness about them—the little hero wanting individuality, his mother wanting nature, and his lady friends wanting ease and relief. The incidents of the tale are carelessly wrought ; the descriptions are of the forcible feeble type ; the conversations are improbable and stilted. On the whole, we submit that this volume of political agitation was a mistake. It sought to do in one social department what "Oliver Twist" had just been doing in another ; but it had no support *ab intra*—no corps dramatique of Bumbles, and Claypoles, and Fagins, and Sykeses, and Artful Dodgers, and Nanays, to clench the argument and drive the nail home.

About the same time, however, Mrs. Trollope played the literary chaperon to a lady of real character and definite idiosyncrasy—one who stands out as a distinct and living form among the accepted celebrities of the English novel. And this is the Widow Barnaby. Her adventures are traced with more of unctuous humor than is usual with the author, and, excepting the hurry-scurry of the finale, with more equable respect to truth. Miss Martha Compton's matrimonial tactics make up a rich piece of comedy—and the widowed career of the same adventurer maintains the fun to the fifth act. Showy, strong-willed, supple-tongued, audacious, garrulous, affected, tawdry, lynx-eyed, indomitable in her scheming, and colossal in her selfishness—*was für eine Frau* is the Widow Barnaby !—Then she is ably played up to by the other characters, in whose portraiture unwonted skill is apparent ; Agnes Willoughby, for instance—whose artlessness shows delightfully beside her guardian's systematic art ; and Aunt Betsy, a

* Rev. W. Lisle Bowles ; "Banwill Hill ; or, Days Departed."

† See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxvii. p. 300.

‡ Bowles.

§ Shirley, vol. i. p. 85.

worthy old soul, in excellent keeping; and my Lord Mucklebury, whose flirtation with the "fat, fair, and forty" matron is wound up so smartly. Like all, or nearly all continuations, "The Widow Married" suggested invidious comparisons, and made admirers wish that "let well alone" had been the order of the day. It is perilous for an author to tamper with what has become public property, and in the disposal of which the public will have a voice.

To the same period belongs "One Fault"—a novel to which we should be happy to apply its own title, if we could; but which, we fear, has more than one, or two, defects incident to its constitution. It is a story of a persecuted wife, whose trials are elaborated with abundant minuteness and frequent pathos; but it is deficient, to a marked degree, in action, in probability, in character, and in finish. Read piecemeal, or in the elegant extracts of a Review, it tells very well, and testifies to the nervous energy of the hand which indited it; but when conscientiously perused (in the grammatical sense) as a "matter" of three volumes, it drags, and droops, and would dwindle away but for the intervals of irregular vehemence which relieve the tedium. Its moral is good—to wit, the evils of morbid sensitiveness, illustrated in the "ways and means," of Wentworth; but the development of this principle is sufficiently eccentric and overdrawn to mar the purpose it involves. It seems too far removed from the level of actual life to make its didactic import available within that region.

"Charles Chesterfield; or, the Adventures of a Youth of Genius," is one of those novels of literary life—its double-double toil and trouble, its contradictions and absurdities, its hopes and fears—of which so many writers have made significant use, as Balzac and George Borrow, Thackeray and G. H. Lewis. The Byronical hero and his gradual disenchantment pertain to a twice twenty-times told tale; but of course there is amusement and spirit in Mrs. Trollope's version, and even more than her average outlay of caricaturing skill and sarcastic commentary. The London coteries are quizzed *ad libitum*, and almost *ultra hitum*—and to the same sharp fire of satirical artillery are exposed whigs and Yankées, and sentimentalists alike of the German silver type and of Brummagem ware. Literary life furnished another theme in the instance of her next work, "The Blue Belles of England," whereof the title is its own interpreter. With higher claims to nature than its predecessor, it is its inferior in smartness and caustic power; on which grounds it is less acceptable to those who read the author for her distinctive characteristics, and more so to those who are thankful for repose from the constant din of satirical sallies.

An improbable but somewhat exciting tale followed, in the shape of "Hargrave; or, the Adventures of a Man of Fashion," the Pelham or Cecil of the work being a disreputable *roué*, whose type is to be found rather in Robert Macaire than in either of the aforesaid London coxcombs. The conduct of the incidents is reckless, and the elaboration of characters null. About the same time appeared "Jessie Phillips," a pendant to the "Factory-Boy," already mishandled by us. The New Poor Law is the object of this assault, as the Factory System was of that. Enough to say, that on a subject which she herself pronounces "one of such enormous difficulty and such stupen-

dous importance," she fails as signally as in the preceding one. Right pleasant was it to meet her in a more congenial element, when engaged in showing up "The Laurringtons; or, Superior People"—a cluster of artificial flowers not born to blush unseen, or to blush at all, of which the natural history is here detailed with the keen "knowingness" of one acquainted with the entire process by which such things are made. We miss, however, something of the early vigor of the satirist. Still she is greatly preferable on topics of this order, however they may savor of the *crâmbé repetita*, than on a delineation of "Young Love," to which she subsequently turned her attention, working up a rather complicated story with ingenuity, but without marked success. A month or two's breathing-space, and she reappeared in full feather as exhibitor of the "Attractive Man," Mr. Theodore Vidal, *alias* Luke Squabs. This worthy is just one of the clever, bland, impossible rascals whom she takes to pieces with such dissecting-room gusto. He is a man of strong feelings and considerable powers of mind—completely devoted to the pleasures of life, but with method in his madness—an Epicurean *sui generis*—living luxuriously upon his friends, a Mr. Affable Hawk doing the agreeable in a dovecot, and now in middle life, looking out for an eligible spouse. A perennial flow of impudences there is in him, springing up like the strong jet of a well-supplied fountain, and blinding the eyes of any audacious mortal who ventures within splashing distance. The portrait is strongly drawn, but wants relief. The same with Lucy Dalton, a beautiful and gifted creature, without heart, principle, or decency—one of those happily unreal characters whom Mrs. Trollope, unhappily seeks to endow with a local habitation and a name, but which human nature will never accept, and the circulating libraries only *pro tempore*. One or two personages in this novel are, however, excellent; as Squire Clementson, the comely, stout-hearted, and sweet-blooded (to use Jeffrey's pet phrase) old English gentleman; and the shy geological bachelor Mr. Norman; and the gin-loving widow, Dalton, that hard-featured and fluent-tongued virago, repulsive as she is. With occasional displays of such graphic ability, it is tantalizing to find so many inequalities, and such intervals of dreary platitudes, as detract from the merit of nearly all Mrs. Trollope's fictions.

During the last five or six years her dashing, mocking pen—dipping deeply as ever in the gall of her ink, and flitting recklessly as ever over her paper (not always of the satin-wove or cream-laid fabric)—has instructed the world in the sayings and doings, the foolish sayings and misdoings, of other concentric circles of artificial life. Though she, perchance,

is vicious in her guess,
As, we confess, it is her nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, her jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,*

and though it is objected, with reason, that her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is little calculated to check vice or encourage virtue; and though there may be in her lightest mirth a bitter and virulent spirit, which is "as misplaced as it is unfeminine," still do we owe her something for her persevering war against hypocrisies and shams, and her merciless raillery

* "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.

Dearest Young Man & Society

of frippery and pretence in a thousand Protean guises. Among the fictions of this last epoch are her "Robertses on their Travels," "Father Eustace," "The Three Cousins," "Town and Country; or, the Days of the Regency," "The Young Countess," "The Lottery of Marriage," "Petticoat Government," "Second Love; or, Beauty and Intellect," and "Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries." Tory as she is, and prejudiced as she so frequently shows herself, it is unjust to accuse her of exclusiveness or sectarianism in the use of her sarcasms. No one class appropriates her irony. No one pariah society is the recipient of her hard words. Wherever, high or low, she discerns what she honestly believes to be weak points or vicious abuses, she as honestly proclaims war, and incontinentlly fires a broadside. She is, in fact, one of the most catholic of satirists—a very Ishmaelite in the impartiality of her pugilism—one who looks out for squalls on every coast and in every latitude, plying her craft in mid-seas as well as in creeks and shallows, in tropic and arctic zones, in waters salt and fresh, for prey large and small, and treating all as fish that comes to her net. What a capacious net! what a prodigious take of the "finny tribes!" and what a marvel that not yet is the net broken! How dear to this enterprising voyager the "blue above and the blue below—the blue, the fresh, the ever free—without a mark and without a bound!"*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,

may exclaim Mr. Colburn and the libraries of the United Kingdom; for it is this lady's joy "on thy breast to be borne, like a bubble outwards," reflecting thy profoundest azure, and rivaling thy unrestful energy and varying aspects; thee she loveth

in all time

Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Ineing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime!†

From the United Service Magazine.

A SOLDIER'S SEA ADVENTURE.

SAILORS are, undoubtedly, the most rural-hearted people in the world. Their fancies, though rarely realized, have, depend upon it, all of them inland and rural homesteads. What like long sea voyages—a long privation of land, can give yearning towards our dear mother earth! How many landscapes spring up at sea! and what is city life to a sailor—he sees that at every port, on every coast—compared with the pictures his imagination dallies with of rustic scenes and occupations! Seamen are pretty high as freshly primitive too, in spite of civilization, as they were when the Argonauts sailed in search of the golden fleece. Is not a genuine British tar still as genuine a bit of unfashioned nature as even a Phenician fleet, whose cry also was "*arva beata petimus arva*," could have turned out? And, as for fishermen, they may be called "Sea Shepherds," though I cannot recollect that they ever were so called, except on the single occasion when Proteus "*egit omne pecus viscere montes*." Any one who has ever visited any of the coast settlements of this class apart (I am thinking especially of one in the neighborhood of Boulogne-sur-mer) cannot fail to have been struck

with their rude, hard, happy, and abundantly supplied life; genuine peril and toil, and genuine rest and enjoyment. Pastorals are as insipid as the refined innocence they feign; but a piscatorial poem might be full of stirring incidents, of excitement, of terror, and of pathos. Of the primitives of humanity, however, so little remains, that there is hardly enough left to sympathize with what does remain. Having, nevertheless, on a long sea-voyage, visited a little island, remote from civilization, and redolent of all Arcadian rusticities—a scene of enchantment and of disenchantment in the course of a single day—I purpose here to record the rather singular adventures and experience of this day, and have set down the above remarks as a sort of *capriccio* preface, to what sailors may perhaps call, I hope with a relish, a haymaking sea article.

We were sailing from India, from Bombay—homeward bound. The vessel was neither a man-of-war, nor an East Indiaman, but a merchantman. The passengers on board were all of them officers of the 65th Regiment, several having their wives with them. The Medina (that was the vessel's name) had been chartered as a transport ship to carry us to England; our regiment (which consisted solely of officers, the men having been drafted into other corps), having been recalled home after a twenty years' service in India.

Our captain, or skipper, as the sequel will show, requires a few words to be said about him at starting. He had the look and character of a drunken smuggler. I am sure he was never seen by any on board thoroughly sober, and it would be perhaps rather hazardous to say that he was ever seen not thoroughly drunk. There must have been some mystery of iniquity in such a fellow ever having been placed in any responsible position. With his drunkenness begins and ends my adventure.

Drunkards have often bright hallucinations; obstacles, dangers, impossibilities vanish; and they do heroic things and insane things in a state of partial insanity. A delirium of joy, at some tantalus temptation, often takes possession of them; and attempt to realize it they must, without a moment's delay, lest that which must vanish on the attempt should vanish even before the attempt is made. Some such delirium as this seems to have seized on our skipper. We were flapping about in a dead calm, the sea like a mirror of molten glass, as unruffled and passive as the hot cloudless sky it reflected. An island, which we afterwards learnt was called Rodriguez, lay about four or five miles on our lee. Through our telescope we could discern its green woods, and our souls longed for their refreshing shelter, when one morning our skipper, who had been hitherto an object of aversion and avoidance to us all, made himself suddenly popular by proposing that, as the calm was likely to last, we should all go on shore, and enjoy ourselves at least for one day. This announcement was delightful; we were soon ready, ladies and all. The boats were lowered, and we were presently a joyous company, four boats full and the gig, rowing lustily away on the pleasantest pleasure party that ever, by sea or land, the sun had shone upon. It was not till the evening was a good deal advanced that we reached the island.

Rodriguez is about fifty miles in circumference. It was formerly a French possession, but fell into our hands on our conquest of the Isle of France.

* Barry Cornwall.

† Byron—"Childe Harold," c. IV.

Dr. Robert Young

At the time I allude to it was still inhabited by three French families, who, with their slaves, constituted its whole population. Being surrounded by the most dangerous reefs of coral rocks, and having no safe harborage, it had been always almost a desert island, and had become so infamous as a refuge and resort of smugglers, that our government had stationed a marine officer on the coast to detect and frustrate the operations of those gentry. It is probable that with this amiable class of industrials our skipper had formerly had intimate connections, and that he could not resist the drunken temptation to revisit once more his old haunts; or, who knows? he might have been carrying out some smuggling enterprise on this very occasion, though his vessel was chartered by the government, and had king's officers on board. But this conjecture came later.

As we approached the shore we expected to see some signs of life and habitation, but none appeared till we got quite close to the beach, when we perceived one man only coming to meet us. This was the marine officer above alluded to. The extraordinary apparition of almost a fleet of boats, directing their course towards the island, in open day, had excited his curiosity, so he came to meet us *alone*, simply because there was no other human being, save his own black female cook, within five miles' distance. His delight on finding the whole party to be English cannot be described. It transported him beyond the bounds of hospitality into the most intimate cordiality at once. He shook hands with all of us more than once all round, and exhibited so many other signs of joy that we began to think the only visible inhabitant of the island was rather frail in the upper story. He, however, soon recovered himself and apologized for his familiarity, without explaining its cause. He invited and conducted us all to his abode—a very pretty cottage, commanding a fine sea view. We soon found, however, somewhat to our disappointment, that the means of entertainment at our host's command were by no means equal to the sudden demand made upon them; neither was his cottage at all ample enough to give accommodation to the one-half of our party. In this dilemma all our unmarried men, with one exception, resolved, under the guidance of the captain, to push up through the woods, and over the hills into the interior, where they were told they would find, at five and at six miles' distance, two families who would be prepared to supply all their wants. As for the ladies and their husbands, the marine officer undertook to provide for them; and this duty he fulfilled greatly to their contentment and his own, for, I suppose, the pleasant meal and the pleasant talk, the good wine and the excellent coffee, seasoning and animating both—this *al fresco* repast in the open air, in so novel a position, must have left as delicious reminiscences on the minds of all those who partook of it as it has on mine.

Being the only bachelor of the party left behind, my bed, as well as my board, was *al fresco*. This I had foreseen, and had consequently refused to go up the hills; for nothing to my taste is so exquisite as complete solitude under the open sky (climate permitting) on a fine night, in any new scene of beauty or sublimity. When I first visited Mont Blanc, I remained the whole night on Mont Flegere, taking nominally a bed at the station-house on its summit, watching, free from the babble of a Babel of tourists, the tremendous

scenery about me. At present, though very beautiful, the scenic environment was by no means of so absorbing a character. Yet the excitement of the day and of the scene was sufficient to keep me wakeful; and with the only companions I coveted, cigars, of which I had a plentiful supply, I gave myself up to the high enjoyment of mere existence—the purest sensuality, for it precludes entirely all distinct thought. I then understood, for the first time, Rousseau's meaning when he says "*L'homme qui pense est un être depravé.*" To have thought to have had any plan, or proposition, or wish in my mind, would have been like the fall from original purity into sin. When, at last fatigued, I found the trunk of a small tree which had been felled a very convenient pillow, and that my boat-cloak was quite a sufficient covering to protect me from the dews. The sun streaming on my face awoke me in the morning quite refreshed, and all alert for the adventures of the opening day.

Islands far out at sea have got, somehow or other, associated in our minds with pictures of the profusest magnificence of nature. The Edens set in the main which the first discoverers of America lit upon, are no doubt partly the cause of this. Yet no anticipation could have come up to the scenes of enchantment we now passed through. Woods, savannas, groves of the lime and orange tree, whose fruit we absolutely trod under our feet, bays indenting the coast, all of the rudest and the softest, the wildest freaks, and most virgin fancies of nature, were intermingled together. The whole island seemed to belong to nobody, to be its own proprietor, and to be happy, as multitudes of birds of strange and brilliant plumage proclaimed—happy "beyond rule or art, enormous bliss," as it had been from the beginning of time. This was its particular charm that wafted a balmy health into our lungs, though we did occasionally see large patches of cultivated ground, sown with wheat, Indian corn, and paddy (rice), in a flourishing condition, which showed the soil to be particularly fat and fertile. The climate, however, is as tempestuous as a beautiful passionate woman. We saw chasms rent in several places through the forests, by hurricanes that had ripped their way through them. Of these timely notice is always given, by the bellowings and furious gambols of the wild bulls, numerous on the island, who feel the greatest terror at their approach. We were told, also, of one of the forests having a short time before caught fire, which spread considerably, terrifying the cattle to a frantic pitch, and greatly alarming the inhabitants, though the grand ignition—a forest in flames, seen far out at sea, has something portentous—was very distant from their settlements. It was extinguished, after having raged for nearly a whole day, by a violent descent of rain. The external scenery occupied us agreeably, and formed the main subject of our talk till we arrived at the residence of the first family we were to visit.

Here we entered a large square court, reclaimed completely from the wildness of the country about it. Fronting us stood a large, handsomely built cottage. On one side were cow and cattle houses, and on the other sides were about a dozen of the neatest huts, built of mud and laths, or stakes, I had ever seen. Each hut had a rather largish garden, kept in the trimmest order, behind it; and behind the cottage was as fine a kitchen garden as belongs to any private gentleman's country house

in England. The cottage was the abode of the proprietor, and the huts lodged the slaves. I never saw a more jolly picture of abundance than this court and its environments presented. Domestic animals of almost all kinds, particularly the feathered bipeds—turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, made a very pleasant clattering; and there was that sort of confusion which is not disorder, in which all practical cleanliness is observed, that makes a well-conducted farm establishment, in all parts of the world, so agreeable a sight. We had now the very satisfactory conviction that our stomachs would be kept in fine tone for the indulgence of the imagination in its unsubstantial fare; and it was owing, perhaps, to the anticipation of the good things to be partaken of after our long walk, that even the sight of slavery did not disturb our good-humor. But, to say the truth, this first glance at it was quite the reverse of revolting. The slaves were evidently well lodged, well fed, and well taken care of—much more so than the free peasant usually is, in any part of the world. They looked alert and merry, a grin almost always on their faces; and as for the young brood of them, rolling and playing and gambolling about, *in puris naturalibus*, among the other live stock, they were the very picture of animal contentment and enjoyment.

The inmates of the large cottage consisted only of an old bed-ridden woman and her daughter, Mademoiselle Seraphine, of about twenty-five years of age. Though not, as her name seemed to imply, very seraphic, Mademoiselle was very amiable, and rather pretty. Our visit caused great delight to our entertainers. Such an event, they said, had not happened to them during the twenty years they had inhabited the island. A bountiful *dejeuner à la fourchette* was prepared for us. We were served with silver forks and napkins, importations from France five-and-twenty years before. When we spoke of France, we found that these kind people had been dreaming of it for the last quarter of a century; but they were dreaming out their dream in such a delightful dreamland, that we could not pity them for very envy at their happy lot. Neither did we see in them any signs of sadness or repining. On the contrary, their French politeness and gayety, far from being impaired, retained all its pristine amenity and sparkle. The young lady coquetted with our young officers, as only French damsels know how to coquet. She had rarely such an opportunity, though she had been once or twice to the Isle of France, for exercising her talents in this line, and she made the most of it; whilst the old dame from her couch kept up an incessant fire of compliments, *bon-mots*, and French anecdotes, upon us. There were just sixteen of us; upon which she observed that, counting each for one year, our visit was the compensation Providence had sent her for her sixteen years' confinement to her bed. On taking leave, in order to visit another family about a mile further up the country, we were invited to return to dinner; and, as we perceived that our refusal to do so would be a severe disappointment to our kind hostess, it did not require much pressing to induce us to accept of the invitation.

If the romance of this visit was a little tempered, and very piquantly so, by just a touch of the foppery of old French civilization, we found that of the next at least quite pure. The family here was a grandfather and his two granddaughters; old

age in its serene guise, and youth in its rosiest bloom, sequestered in the most retired nook of beauty I have ever yet seen, though it has been my lot, in various travel, to search out and enjoy such spots as much as any man. The site of the cottage, which required no cultivation or gardening about it to set it off, was on a brilliantly green tongue of land, something between a wide gorge and a valley, for neither of these names exactly describes it. Feathering woods above surrounded it, not closely, rather spaciouly, singing, by their rustling leaves, a lullaby over its seclusion, and here and there were breaks that let in views of the sea. As it was a little apart from the farm establishment, which was entirely out of sight, its stillness, and the charm of its loneliness, was quite unbroken.

It is no wonder, therefore, that when an old gentleman, uncovering his white head, with a beautiful girl on each side of him, advanced to meet us, we exclaimed almost all of us simultaneously, "A Prospero and two Mirandas!" Indeed, the girls, one of seventeen and the other of eighteen, were remarkably beautiful—one of them peerlessly so. They were dressed as French peasants of the south of France. Their little white caps, running up into peaks, and bordered with antique lace, we thought, however, very bad substitutes for the beautiful brown locks that, in spite of this confinement, strayed here and there over their necks. But their dark blue bodices, and short scarlet petticoats, met our entire approbation, especially as the latter discovered pretty little feet and ankles, which, as Burns says, "would make a saint forget the sky." These little feet were invested in blue stockings, which were only worn, we were told, on holiday occasions; and certainly we should have been much better pleased to have seen them without them. As Dulcinea bathing their ankles in a stream, the two girls would have been seen to perfection. In brief, they were beautiful enough to have turned any sane man into a Don Quixote for the rest of his life—during the age of chivalry that is. Their father and mother had died in the island, leaving them in charge of their grandfather, who appeared to be devotedly attached to them, and was so afraid of their meeting with any accident, that they had never, during their lives, been so far from their homes as the sea beach. A visit now and then to Mademoiselle Seraphine, a very rare occurrence, summed up all their experience of the world and its concerns. They could neither read nor write—knew nothing; yet so much had nature done for them, that they were neither gross, nor stupid, nor awkward, but, like other rustics one sometimes meets with, had an innate, instinctive gracefulness, beyond the reach of art, which it is the perfection of art well to imitate. If we were delighted with them, how much more so must they have been with us! I can imagine them exclaiming internally with Miranda, "What a brave world that hath such creatures in it!" They soon became familiar with our ladies, and paid the most particular and curious attention to the various mysteries of their toilette. But when any of our younger officers addressed them, they showed the greatest timidity, and, by their perpetual blushes, reddened most charmingly their brunette complexions, tanned, and just a little freckled by the sun. We regretted that we could give but little more than an hour to this visit. After partaking of some refreshment, wine and fruits, the watermelon, the pomegranate, the guava, the plantain, and the pine-apple, which the climate produces in

abundance, we took our leave in a state of rapture at what we had seen, leaving behind us, no doubt, many thrilling and tingling disturbances in the bosoms of the two nymphs, to whom we must have seemed but as an apparition from another and a brighter world.

A really not only most plenteous but luxurious repast awaited us on our return to the first settlement. The old lady had boasted that she had not forgotten her culinary lore by her long absence from France; and of this she gave proof, for, under her directions, her daughter had provided for us a banquet that would have done honor to a Paris gastronomer. Soup and bouilli, two roast turkeys, fowls fricaseed and curried, a matelle of fish, and a whole roasted kid, stuffed with chestnuts, which are as good for the purpose as the pistacio nuts Turks and Greeks are so fond of, were the appetizing *plats* and *morceaux de resistance* that were spread before us. Our drink was at first an ordinary wine, from the Isle of France, but, on the removal of the good things I have mentioned, a *friture* of small fish, served up on several skewers, made their appearance, and with them some half dozen bottles of beaune and of champagne, which the old lady informed us were taken from a little store reserved for her husband on his annual visits to the island. She recommended the *friture* as giving a particular fine relish to the wine, and seemed to enjoy it all immensely, though she herself ate and drank nothing. Coffee and a *petit verre* of real cognac finished our regale. Laden with baskets of fruit, we departed to reembark, for a breeze had sprung up within the last few hours, that made us impatient to be on board.

Should an enthusiastic young school-boy, on first seeing a play, believing all to be a true representation of life, be suddenly introduced behind the scenes, thus having the whole delusion turned suddenly inside out, he could not be so completely disenchanted as we were, or have so vivid a conception of the difference between the ideal and the real, as we had before we reached the beach. One or two of our young ensigns were so far gone in romance and nympholepsy, that they emphatically announced their intention of selling out, as soon as they reached England, and returning to the island, to marry and be happy, far away from all toil, care, anxiety, and vice, in abundance gained by healthful, pleasurable exercise, farming, hunting, fishing, and in the companionship of love only, from year's end to year's end. Hearing these rhapsodies, our guide thought it high time to break the charm we were all more or less under; and he soon brought us down from altitudes which some few of us had indulged in wantonly, with a kind of credulous incredulity, but others with more than a touch of genuine faith, to *terra firma*, by a very prosaic statement of a few plain matters of fact.

But these matters of fact I have not really the heart to relate as I had intended to do when I commenced this paper. I cannot sketch a picture only for the sake of daubing it out. Suffice it to say, the island was completely stripped of all romance, of all moral decency, in our eyes, before we left it. Its natural beauty alone remained to make, by the contrast, the lot of its inhabitants the more saddening and disconsolate. Well we understood now the joy of the marine officer, when he first shook us by the hand. What a refreshment a day's society of English ladies and gentlemen must have been to him! Much greater than was

ours, more transitory still, in the enjoyment of a mere *mirage* Arcadia. Seized Emperor of Ethiopia's ten days' attempt at happiness was not so full of pointed lessons as was our one day's experience; for that was fiction, this was fact. Nevertheless, let our sailors continue to hay-make at sea, and our landsmen to make adventurous sea voyages on land, and let our politicians and lawyers, if possible, refresh their battered and deadened sensibilities in the like reveries; for, after all, enchantment is better than disenchantment, and delusion is better than reality, as I feel by the insuperable aversion I feel to narrate the sequel of my story.

Having, however, made particular allusion to our skipper, I must say a few additional words about him. We got very satisfactory evidence that he had been, and probably still was, a smuggler, and had carried on, on the island, aided by the inhabitants, a thriving contraband traffic, which they had engaged themselves to our government to assist the marine officer in putting down. He had passed his day with the third proprietor at Rodriguez, an old bachelor, whom I have not before mentioned. After nearly twenty-four hours' carouse he arrived on board at about two o'clock in the morning. He had narrowly escaped, in his drunken state, the wreck of his boat among the rocks, for the sea had got up under a stiffish gale, and the passage to the ship had become extremely dangerous. As soon as he was within sight the heaving up of the anchor began. On putting his foot on board, he shouted out, "Well, thanks be to blazes, here I am, my lads, for half an hour ago I expected to be in Davy's locker before this time." Hardly had he uttered these words, when the capstan bars flew violently out on the capstan, one of which struck him on the forehead, and he fell down on the deck a corpse. The anchor had caught in one of the rocks which caused the sudden jerk that threw out the bars. The blow he received was so violent that his temples were almost smashed into the back of his head. Thus he went, to use his own fearful expression, "to blazes and to Davy's locker!" and thus was a black pall thrown over our day's adventure that no one would wish to lift.

THE DESTINY OF EGYPT.—There is no doubt but that Egypt must become the possession of a civilized European power; it must sooner or later become the connecting link between England and the East Indies. European dominion naturally supports science and literature, together with the rights of humanity, and to prevent the destruction of a barbarous power would be an act of high treason against intellectual culture and humanity. When that shall have been accomplished, new treasures will be brought to light, and Egyptian antiquity will be laid open before our eyes; we stand at the very threshold of a new era in the history of antiquity. In Nineveh, Babylonia, and Persia, centuries long past will come to light again, and the ancient times will present themselves clearly and distinctly in all their detail. It is true that all those nations are deficient in individuality, and in that which constitutes the idea of humanity, and which we find among the Greeks, Romans and moderns; but their conditions and changes will become clear. In all its details, the ancient world will acquire a fresh reality, and fifty years hence essays will appear on the history of those nations, compared with which our present knowledge is like the chemistry, such as it was a hundred years before the time of Berzelius.

Niebuhr.

BOOK XII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"AGAIN," quoth my father—"Again behold us! We who greeted the commencement of your narrative, who absented ourselves in the mid-course when we could but obstruct the current of events, and jostle personages more important—we now gather round the close. Still, as the chorus to the drama, we circle round the altar with the solemn but dubious chant which prepares the audience for the completion of the appointed destinies; though still, ourselves, unaware how the skein is to be unravelled, and where the shears are to descend."

So there they stood, the Family of Caxton—all grouping around me—all eager officiously to question—some over-anxious prematurely to criticize.

"Violante can't have voluntarily gone off with that horrid count," said my mother; "but perhaps she was deceived, like Eugenia by Mr. Belamy, in the novel of 'Camilla.'"

"Ha!" said my father, "and in that case it is time yet to steal a hint from Clarissa Harlowe, and make Violante die less of a broken heart than a sullied honor. She is one of those girls who ought to be killed! *Ostendent omnia letum*—all things about her forebode an early tomb!"

"Dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Caxton, "I hope not—poor thing!"

"Pooh, brother," said the captain, "we have had enough of the tomb in the history of poor Nora. The whole story grows out of a grave, and to a grave it must return:—if, Pisistratus, you must kill somebody, kill Levy."

"Or the count," said my mother, with unusual truculence.

"Or Randal Leslie," said Squills. "I should like to have a *post-mortem* cast of his head—it would be an instructive study."

Here there was a general confusion of tongues, all present conspiring to bewilder the unfortunate author with their various and discordant counsels how to wind up his story and dispose of his characters.

"Silence!" cried Pisistratus, clapping his hands to both ears. "I can no more alter the fate allotted to each of the personages whom you honor with your interest, than I can change your own; like you, they must go where events lead them, urged on by their own characters and the agencies of others. Providence so pervadingly governs the universe, that you cannot strike it even out of a book. The author may beget a character, but the moment the character comes into action, it escapes from his hands—plays its own part, and fulfils its own inevitable doom."

"Besides," said Mr. Squills, "it is easy to see, from the phrenological development of the organs in those several heads which Pisistratus has allowed us to examine, that we have seen no creations of mere fiction, but living persons, whose true history has set in movement their various bumps of Amativeness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Ideality, Wonder, Comparison, &c. They must act, and they must end, according to the influences of their crania. Thus we find in Randal Leslie the predominant organs of Constructiveness, Secretiveness, Comparison, and Eventuality—while Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, are utterly *nil*. Now, to divine how such a man must end, we must first see what is the general composition of the society

in which he moves—in short, what other gases are brought into contact with his phlogiston. As to Leonard, and Harley, and Audley Egerton, surveying them phrenologically, I should say that

"Hush!" said my father, "Pisistratus has dipped his pen in the ink, and it seems to me easier for the wisest man that ever lived to account for what others have done, than to predict what they should do. Phrenologists discovered that Mr. Thurtell had a very fine organ of Conscientiousness, yet, somehow or other, that erring personage contrived to knock the brains out of his friend's organ of Individuality. Therefore I rise to propose a resolution—that this meeting be adjourned till Pisistratus has completed his narrative; and we shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that it ought, according to every principle of nature, science, and art, to have been completed differently. Why should we deprive ourselves of that pleasure?"

"I second the motion," said the captain; "but if Levy be not hanged, I shall say that there is an end of all poetical justice."

"Take care of poor Helen," said Blanche, tenderly; "not that I would have you forget Violante."

"Pish! and sit down, or they shall both die old maids."

Frightened at that threat, Blanche, with a deprecating look, drew her stool quietly near me, as if to place her two protégées in an atmosphere mesmerized to matrimonial attractions; and my mother set hard to work—at a new frock for the baby. Unsoftened by these undue female influences, Pisistratus wrote on at the dictation of the relentless Fates. His pen was of iron, and his heart was of granite. He was as insensible to the existence of wife and baby as if he had never paid a house bill, nor rushed from a nursery at the sound of an infant squall. O blessed privilege of Authorship!

O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum!

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Violante.

It may be remembered that Peschiera, scared by the sudden approach of Lord L'Estrange, had little time for farther words to the young Italian, than those which expressed his intention to renew the conference, and press for her decision. But, the next day, when he reëntered the garden, secretly and stealthily as before, Violante did not appear. And after watching round the precincts till dusk, the count retreated with an indignant conviction that his arts had failed to enlist on his side either the heart or the imagination of his intended victim. He began now to revolve, and to discuss with Levy, the possibilities of one of those bold and violent measures, which were favored by his reckless daring, and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule any suggestion to abstract Violante by force from Lord Lansmere's house—so scouted the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope-ladders—that the count reluctantly abandoned that romance of villany so unsuited to

our sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, with the prospect of committal to the House of Correction.

Levy himself found his invention at fault, and Randal Leslie was called into consultation. The usurer had contrived that Randal's schemes of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and connivance, that the young man, with all his desire rather to make instruments of other men, than to be himself their instrument, found his superior intellect as completely a slave to Levy's more experienced craft, as ever subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Sorcerer of earth.

His acquisition of the ancestral acres—his anticipated seat in Parliament—his chance of ousting Frank from the heritage of Hazeldean—were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a puppet in the sleek filbert-nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and lumber.

Randal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who bides his hour of future emancipation, and lent his brain to the hire of the present servitude, in mechanical acquiescence. The inherent superiority of the profound young schemer became instantly apparent over the courage of Peschiera and the practised wit of the baron.

"Your sister," said Randal to the former, "must be the active agent in the first and most difficult part of your enterprise. Violante cannot be taken by force from Lord Lansmere's—she must be induced to leave it with her own consent. A female is needed here. Woman can best decoy woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the count; "but Beatrice has grown restive, and though her dowry, and therefore her very marriage with that excellent young Hazeldean, depend on my own alliance with my fair kinswoman, she has grown so indifferent to my success that I dare not reckon on her aid. Between you and me, though she was once very eager to be married, she now seems to shrink from the notion; and I have no other hold over her."

"Has she not seen some one, and lately, whom she prefers to poor Frank?"

"I suspect that she has; but I know not whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no farther yourself, but have all in readiness to quit England, as you had before proposed, as soon as Violante be in your power."

"All is in readiness," said the count. "Levy has agreed to purchase a famous sailing vessel of one of his clients. I have engaged a score or so of determined outcasts, accustomed to the sea—Genoese, Corsicans, Sardinians—ex-Carbonari of the best sort—no silly patriots, but liberal cosmopolitans, who have iron at the disposal of any man's gold. I have a priest to perform the nuptial service, and deaf to any fair lady's 'No.' Once at sea, and whenever I land, Violante will lean on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."

"But Violante," said Randal doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Violante cannot be removed in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, nor from a quarter so populous as that in which your sister resides."

"I have thought of that too," said the count; "my emissaries have found me a house close by

the river, and safe for our purpose as the dungeons of Venice."

"I wish not to know all this," answered Randal quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra where to take Violante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong to intellect; what belongs to force is not in my province. I will go at once to your sister, whom I think I can influence more effectually than you can; though later, I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile as, the moment Violante disappears, suspicion would fall upon you, show yourself constantly in public surrounded by your friends. Be able to account for every hour of your time—"

"An alibi?" interrupted the *ci-devant* solicitor.

"Exactly so, baron. Complete the purchase of the vessel, and let the count man it as he proposes. I will communicate with you both as soon as I can put you into action. To-day I shall have much to do; it will be done."

As Randal left the room, Levy followed him.

"What you propose to do will be well done, no doubt," quoth the usurer, linking his arm in Randal's; "but take care that you don't get yourself into a scrape, so as to damage your character. I have great hopes of you in public life; and in public life character is necessary—that is, so far as honor is concerned."

"I damage my character! and for a Count Peschiera!" said Randal, opening his eyes. "I! What do you take me for?"

The baron let go his hold.

"This boy ought to rise very high," said he to himself, as he turned back to the count.

CHAPTER III.

RANDAL'S acute faculty of comprehension had long since surmised the truth that Beatrice's views and temper of mind had been strangely and suddenly altered by some such revolution as passion only can effect; that pique or disappointment had mingled with the motive which had induced her to accept the hand of his rash young kinsman; and that instead of the resigned indifference with which she might at one time have contemplated any marriage that could free her from a position that perpetually galled her pride, it was now with a repugnance, visible to Randal's keen eye, that she shrank from the performance of that pledge which Frank had so dearly bought. The temptations which the count could hold out to her, to become his accomplice in designs of which the fraud and perfidy would revolt her better nature, had ceased to be of avail. A dowry had grown valueless, since it would but hasten the nuptials from which she recoiled. Randal felt that he could not secure her aid, except by working on a passion so turbulent as to confound her judgment. Such a passion he recognized in jealousy. He had once doubted if Harley were the object of her love; yet, after all, was it not probable? He knew, at least, of no one else to suspect. If so, he had but to whisper, "Violante is your rival. Violante removed, your beauty may find its natural effect; if not, you are an Italian, and you will be at least avenged." He saw still more reason to suppose that Lord L'Estrange was indeed the one by whom he could rule Beatrice, since, the last time he had seen her, she had questioned him with much eagerness as to the family of Lord Lansmere, especially as to the female part of it. Randal had then judged it pru-

dent to avoid speaking of Violante, and feigned ignorance; but promised to ascertain all particulars by the time he next saw the marchesa. It was the warmth with which she had thanked him that had set his busy mind at work to conjecture the cause of her curiosity so earnestly aroused, and to ascribe that cause to jealousy. If Harley loved Violante (as Randal himself had before supposed), the little of passion that the young man admitted to himself was enlisted in aid of Peschiera's schemes. For though Randal did not love Violante, he cordially disliked L'Estrange, and would have gone as far to render that dislike vindictive, as a cold reasoner, intent upon worldly fortunes, will ever suffer mere hate to influence him.

"At the worst," thought Randal, "if it be not Harley, touch the chord of jealousy, and its vibration will direct me right."

Thus soliloquizing, he arrived at Madame di Negra's.

Now in reality the marchesa's inquiries as to Lord Lansmere's family had their source in the misguided, restless, despairing interest with which she still clung to the image of the young poet, whom Randal had no reason to suspect. That interest had become yet more keen from the impatient misery she had felt ever since she had plighted herself to another. A wild hope that she might yet escape—a vague, regretful thought that she had been too hasty in dismissing Leonard from her presence—that she ought rather to have courted his friendship, and contended against her unknown rival, at times drew her wayward mind wholly from the future to which she had consigned herself. And, to do her justice, though her sense of duty was so defective, and the principles which should have guided her conduct were so lost to her sight, still her feelings towards the generous Hazelden were not so hard and blunted, but what her own ingratitude added to her torment; and it seemed as if the sole atonement she could make to him was to find an excuse to withdraw her promise, and save him from herself. She had caused Leonard's steps to be watched; she had found that he visited at Lord Lansmere's; that he had gone there often, and staid there long. She had learned in the neighborhood that Lady Lansmere had one or two young female guests staying with her. Surely this was the attraction—here was the rival!

Randal found Beatrice in a state of mind that favored his purpose. And first turning his conversation on Harley, and noting that her countenance did not change, by little and little he drew forth her secret.

Then, said Randal gravely, "If one whom you honor with a tender thought visits at Lord Lansmere's house, you have, indeed, cause to fear for yourself, to hope for your brother's success in the object which has brought him to England—for a girl of surpassing beauty is a guest in Lord Lansmere's house; and I will now tell you that that girl is she whom Count Peschiera would make his bride."

As Randal thus spoke, and saw how his listener's brow darkened and her eye flashed, he felt that his accomplice was secured. Violante! Had not Leonard spoken of Violante, and with such praise! Had not his boyhood been passed under her eyes? Who but Violante could be the rival? Beatrice's abrupt exclamations, after a moment's pause, revealed to Randal the advantage he had gained. And partly by rousing her jealousy into

revenge—partly by flattering her love with assurances that, if Violante were fairly removed from England, were the wife of Count Peschiera—it would be impossible that Leonard could remain insensible to her own attractions—that he, Randal, would undertake to free her honorably from her engagement to Frank Hazelden, and obtain from her brother the acquittal of the debt which had first fettered her hand to that confiding suitor—he did not quit the marchesa until she had not only promised to do all that Randal might suggest, but impetuously urged him to mature his plans, and hasten the hour to accomplish them. Randal then walked some minutes musing and slow along the streets, revolving the next meshes in his elaborate and most subtle web. And here his craft luminously devised its masterpiece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Violante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable;—it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any surmise that he could have connived at the count's designs, even should their actual perpetrator be discovered or conjectured. To effect these objects, Randal hastened to Norwood, and obtained an interview with Riccabocca. In seeming agitation and alarm, he informed the exile that he had reason to know that Peschiera had succeeded in obtaining a secret interview with Violante, and he feared had made a certain favorable impression on her mind; and, speaking as if with the jealousy of a lover, he entreated Riccabocca to authorize Randal's direct proposals to Violante, and to require her consent to their immediate nuptials.

The poor Italian was confounded with the intelligence conveyed to him; and his almost superstitious fears of his brilliant enemy, conjoined with his opinion of the susceptibility to outward attractions common to all the female sex, made him not only implicitly credit, but even exaggerate, the dangers that Randal intimated. The idea of his daughter's marriage with Randal, towards which he had lately cooled, he now gratefully welcomed. But his first natural suggestion was to go, or send, for Violante, and bring her to his own house. This, however, Randal artfully opposed.

"Alas! I know," said he, "that Peschiera has discovered your retreat; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now!"

"But, diavolo! you say the man has seen her where she is now, in spite of all Lady Lansmere's promises and Harley's precautions."

"True. Of this Peschiera boasted to me. He effected it not, of course, openly, but in some disguise. I am sufficiently, however, in his confidence—(any man may be that with so audacious a braggart)—to deter him from renewing his attempt for some days. Meanwhile, I or yourself will have discovered some surer home than this, to which you can remove, and then will be the proper time to take back your daughter. Meanwhile, if you will send by me a letter to enjoin her to receive me as her future bridegroom, it will necessarily divert all thought at once from the count; I shall be able to detect, by the manner in which she receives me, how far the count has overstated the effect he pretends to have produced. You can give me also a letter to Lady Lansmere to prevent your daughter coming hither. O, sir, do

not reason with me. Have indulgence for my lover's fears. Believe that I advise for the best. Have I not the keenest interest to do so?"

Like many a man who is wise enough with pen and paper before him, and plenty of time wherewith to get up his wisdom, Riccabocca was flurried, nervous, and confused when that wisdom was called upon for any ready exertion. From the tree of knowledge he had taken grafts enough to serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not spare him a handy walking-stick. That great folio of the dead Machiavel lay useless before him—the living Machiavel of daily life stood all puissant by his side. The Sage was as supple to the Schemer as the Clairvoyant is to the Mesmerist. And the lean, slight fingers of Randal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess.

The philosopher would have liked to consult his wife; but he was ashamed to confess that weakness. Suddenly he remembered Harley, and said as Randal took up the letters which Riccabocca had indited—

"There—that will give us time; and I will send to Lord L'Estrange and talk to him."

"My noble friend," replied Randal mournfully, "may I intreat you not to see Lord L'Estrange until at least I have pleaded my cause to your daughter—until, indeed, she is no longer under his father's roof."

"And why?"

"Because I presume that you are sincere when you deign to receive me as a son-in-law, and because I am sure that Lord L'Estrange would hear with distaste of your disposition in my favor. Am I not right?"

Riccabocca was silent.

"And, though his arguments would fail with a man of your honor and discernment, they might have more effect on the young mind of your child. Think, I beseech you, the more she is set against me, the more accessible she may be to the arts of Peschiera. Speak not, therefore, I implore you, to Lord L'Estrange till Violante has accepted my hand, or, at least, until she is again under your charge; otherwise, take back your letter—it would be of no avail."

"Perhaps you are right. Certainly Lord L'Estrange is prejudiced against you; or, rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am."

"Who can see you, and not do so? I pardon him." After kissing the hand which the exile modestly sought to withdraw from that act of homage, Randal pocketed the letters; and, as if struggling with emotion, rushed from the house.

Now, O curious reader, if thou wilt heedfully observe to what uses Randal Leslie put those letters—what speedy and direct results he drew forth from devices which would seem to an honest, simple understanding the most roundabout, wire-drawn wastes of invention—I almost fear that in thine admiration for his cleverness, thou mayest half forget thy contempt for his knavery.

But when the head is very full, it does not do to have the heart very empty; there is such a thing as being topheavy!

CHAPTER IV.

HELEN and Violante had been conversing together, and Helen had obeyed her guardian's

injunction, and spoken, though briefly, of her positive engagement to Harley. However much Violante had been prepared for the confidence, however clearly she had divined that engagement, however before persuaded that the dream of her childhood was fled forever, still the positive truth, coming from Helen's own lips, was attended with that anguish which proves how impossible it is to prepare the human heart for the final verdict which slays its future. She did not, however, betray her emotion to Helen's artless eyes: sorrow, deep-seated, is seldom self-betrayed. But, after a little while, she crept away; and, forgetful of Peschiera, of all things that could threaten danger (what danger could harm her more!), she glided from the house, and went her desolate way under the leafless wintry trees. Ever and anon she paused—ever and anon she murmured the same words: "If she loved him, I could be consoled; but she does not! or how could she have spoken to me so calmly! how could her very looks have been so sad! Heartless—heartless."

Then there came on her a vehement resentment against poor Helen, that almost took the character of scorn or hate—its excess startled herself. "Am I grown so mean?" she said; and tears, that humbled her, rushed to her eyes. "Can so short a time alter one thus! Impossible!"

Randal Leslie rang at the front gate, inquired for Violante, and, catching sight of her form as he walked towards the house, advanced boldly and openly. His voice startled her as she leant against one of the dreary trees, still muttering to herself—*forlorn*. "I have a letter to you from your father, Signorina," said Randal. "But, before I give it to your hands, some explanation is necessary. Condescend, then, to hear me." Violante shook her head impatiently, and stretched forth her hand for the letter. Randal observed her countenance with his keen, cold, searching eye; but he still withheld the letter, and continued, after a pause—

"I know that you were born to princely fortunes; and the excuse for my addressing you now is, that your birthright is lost to you, at least unless you can consent to a union with the man who has despoiled you of your heritage—a union which your father would deem dishonor to yourself and him. Signorina, I might have presumed to love you; but I should not have named that love, had your father not encouraged me by his assent to my suit."

Violante turned to the speaker, her face eloquent with haughty surprise. Randal met the gaze unmoved. He continued, without warmth, and in the tone of one who reasons calmly, rather than of one who feels acutely—

"The man of whom I spoke is in pursuit of you. I have cause to believe that this person has already intruded himself upon you. Ah! your countenance owns it; you have seen Peschiera! This house is, then, less safe than your father deemed it. No house is safe for you but a husband's. I offer to you my name—it is a gentleman's; my fortune, which is small; the participation in my hopes of the future, which are large. I place now your father's letter in your hand, and await your answer." Randal bowed slightly, gave the letter to Violante, and retired a few paces.

It was not his object to conciliate Violante's affection, but rather to excite her repugnance, or at least her terror—we must wait to discover why;

so he stood apart, seemingly in a kind of self-confident indifference, while the girl read the following letter:—

"My child, receive with favor Mr. Leslie. He has my consent to address you as a suitor. Circumstances, of which it is needless now to inform you, render it essential to my very peace and happiness that your marriage should be immediate. In a word, I have given my promise to Mr. Leslie, and I confidently leave it to the daughter of my house to redeem the pledge of her anxious and tender father."

The letter dropped from Violante's hand. Randal approached, and restored it to her. Their eyes met. Violante recoiled.

"I cannot marry you," said she, passively.

"Indeed?" answered Randal drily. "Is it because you cannot love me?"

"Yes."

"I did not expect that you would, and I still persist in my suit. I have promised to your father that I would not recede before your first unconsidered refusal."

"I will go to my father at once."

"Does he request you to do so in his letter? Look again. Pardon me, but he foresaw your impetuosity; and I have another note for Lady Lansmere, in which he begs her ladyship not to sanction your return to him (should you so wish) until he come or send for you himself. He will do so whenever your word has redeemed his own."

"And do you dare to talk to me thus, and yet pretend to love me?"

Randal smiled ironically.

"I pretend but to wed you. Love is a subject on which I might have spoken formerly, or may speak hereafter. I give you some little time to consider. When I next call, it will be to fix the day for our wedding."

"Never!"

"You will be, then, the first daughter of your house who disobeyed a father; and you will have this additional crime, that you disobeyed him in his sorrow, his exile, and his fall."

Violante wrung her hands.

"Is there no chance—no escape?"

"I see none for either. Listen to me. I might have loved you, it is true; but it is not for my happiness to marry one who dislikes me, nor for my ambition to connect myself with one whose poverty is greater than my own. I marry but to keep my plighted faith with your father, and to save you from a villain you would hate more than myself, and from whom no walls are a barrier, no laws a defence. One person, indeed, might, perhaps, have preserved you from the misery you seem to anticipate with me; that person might defeat the plans of your father's foe—effect, it might be, terms which could revoke his banishment and restore his honors; that person is—"

"Lord L'Estrange?"

"Lord L'Estrange!" repeated Randal sharply, and watching her pale, parted lips and her changing color; "Lord L'Estrange! What could he do? Why did you name him?"

Violante turned aside. "He saved my father once," said she feelingly.

"And has interfered, and trifled, and promised, Heaven knows what, ever since—yet to what end? Pooh! The person I speak of your father would not consent to see—would not believe if he saw her; yet she is generous, noble—could sympathize

with you both. She is the sister of your father's enemy—the Marchesa di Negra. I am convinced that she has great influence with her brother—that she has known enough of his secrets to awe him into renouncing all designs on yourself; but it is idle now to speak of her."

"No, no," exclaimed Violante. "Tell me where she lives—I will see her."

"Pardon me, I cannot obey you; and, indeed, her own pride is now aroused by your father's unfortunate prejudices against her. It is too late to count upon her aid. You turn from me—my presence is unwelcome. I rid you of it now. But welcome or unwelcome, later you must endure it—and for life."

Randal again bowed with formal ceremony, walked towards the house, and asked for Lady Lansmere. The countess was at home. Randal delivered Riccabocca's note, which was very short, implying that he feared Peschiera had discovered his retreat—and requesting Lady Lansmere to retain Violante, whatever her own desire, till her ladyship heard from him again.

The countess read, and her lip curled in disdain.

"Strange!" said she, half to herself.

"Strange!" said Randal, "that a man like your correspondent should fear one like the Count di Peschiera. Is that it?"

"Sir," said the countess, a little surprised—"strange that any man should fear another in a country like ours!"

"I don't know," said Randal, with his low soft laugh; "I fear many men, and I know many who ought to fear me; yet at every turn of the street one meets a policeman!"

"Yes," said Lady Lansmere. "But to suppose that this profligate foreigner could carry a girl like Violante against her will—a man she has never seen, and whom she must have been taught to hate!"

"Be on your guard, nevertheless, I pray you, madam; where there's a will there's a way."

Randal took his leave, and returned to Madame di Negra's. He staid with her an hour, revisited the count, and then strolled to Limmer's.

"Randal," said the squire, who looked pale and worn, but who scorned to confess the weakness with which he still grieved and yearned for his rebellious son—"Randal, you have nothing to do in London; can you come and stay with me, and take to farming? I remember that you showed a good deal of sound knowledge about thin sowing."

"My dear sir, I will come to you as soon as the general election is over."

"What the deuce have you got to do with the general election?"

"Mr. Egerton has some wish that I should enter Parliament; indeed, negotiations for that purpose are now on foot."

The squire shook his head. "I don't like my half-brother's politics."

"I shall be quite independent of them," cried Randal loftily; "that independence is the condition for which I stipulate."

"Glad to hear it; and if you do come into Parliament, I hope you'll not turn your back on the land!"

"Turn my back on the land!" cried Randal, with devout horror. "Oh, sir! I am not so unnatural!"

"That's the right way to put it," quoth the credulous squire; "it is unnatural! It is turning

one's back on one's own mother! The land is a mother—"

"To those who live by her, certainly—a mother," said Randal gravely. "And though, indeed, my father starves by her rather than lives, and Rood Hall is not like Hazeldean, still—I—"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the squire; "I want to talk to you. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Her picture is in the drawing-room at Rood. People think me very like her!"

"Indeed!" said the squire. "The Hazeldeans are generally inclined to be stout and rosy, which you are certainly not. But no fault of yours. We are all as Heaven made us! However, to the point. I am going to alter my will—(said with a choking gulp.) This is the rough draft for the lawyers to work upon."

"Pray—pray sir, do not speak to me on such a subject. I cannot bear to contemplate even the possibility of—of—"

"My death! Ha, ha! Nonsense. My own son calculated on the date of it by the insurance tables. Ha, ha, ha. A very fashionable son—Eh! Ha, ha!"

"Poor Frank, do not let him suffer for a momentary forgetfulness of right feeling. When he comes to be married to that foreign lady, and be a father himself, he—"

"Father himself!" burst forth the squire. "Father to a swarm of swallow-faced Popish tadpoles! No foreign frogs shall hop about my grave in Hazeldean churchyard. No, no. But you need not look so reproachful—I'm not going to disinherit Frank."

"Of course not," said Randal, with a bitter curve in the lip that rebelled against the joyous smile which he sought to impose on it.

"No—I shall leave him the life-interest in the greater part of the property; but if he marry a foreigner, her children will not succeed—you will stand after him in that case. But—(now, don't interrupt me)—but Frank looks as if he would live longer than you—so small thanks to me for my good intentions, you may say. I mean to do more for you than a mere barren place in the entail. What do you say to marrying?"

"Just as you please," said Randal meekly.

"Good. There's Miss Stick-to-rights disengaged—great heiress. Her lands run on to Rood. At one time I thought of her for that graceless puppy of mine. But I can manage more easily to make up the match for you. There's a mortgage on the property; Old Stick-to-rights would be very glad to pay it off. I'll pay it out of the Hazeldean estate, and give up the Right of Way into the bargain. You understand. So come down as soon as you can, and court the young lady yourself."

Randal expressed his thanks with much grateful eloquence; and he then delicately insinuated, that if the squire ever did mean to bestow upon him any pecuniary favors (always without injury to Frank), it would gratify him more to win back some portions of the old estate at Rood, than to have all the acres of the Stick-to-rights, however free from any other encumbrance than the amiable heiress.

The squire listened to Randal with benignant attention. This wish the country gentleman could well understand and sympathize with. He promised to inquire into the matter, and to see what could be done with old Thornhill.

Randal here let out that Mr. Thornhill was about to dispose of a large slice of the ancient Leslie estate through Levy, and that he, Randal, could thus get it at a more moderate price than would be natural if Mr. Thornhill knew that his neighbor the squire would bid for the purchase.

"Better say nothing about it either to Levy or Thornhill."

"Right," said the squire; "no proprietor likes to sell to another proprietor, in the same shire, as largely aced as himself; it spoils the balance of power. See to the business yourself; and if I can help you with the purchase—(after that boy is married—I can attend to nothing before)—why, I will."

Randal now went to Egerton's. The statesman was in his parlor, settling the accounts of his house-steward, and giving brief orders for the reduction of his establishment to that of an ordinary private gentleman.

"I may go abroad if I lose my election," said Egerton, condescending to assign to his servant a reason for his economy; "and, if I do not lose it, still, now I am out of office, I shall live much in private."

"Do I disturb you, sir?" said Randal, entering.

"No, I have just done." The house steward withdrew, much surprised and disgusted, and meditating the resignation of his own office—in order, not like Egerton to save, but to spend. The house-steward had private dealings with Baron Levy, and was in fact the veritable X Y of the *Times*, for whom Dick Avenel had been mistaken. He invested his wages and perquisites in the discount of bills; and it was part of his own money that had (though unknown to himself) swelled the last £5000 which Egerton had borrowed from Levy.

"I have settled with our committee; and, with Lord Lansmere's consent," said Egerton briefly, "you will stand for the borough as we proposed, in conjunction with myself. And should any accident happen to me—that is, should I vacate this seat from any cause, you may succeed to it—very shortly perhaps. Ingratiate yourself with the electors, and speak at the public houses for both of us. I shall stand on my dignity, and leave the work of the election to you. No thanks—you know how I hate thanks. Good night."

"I never stood so near to fortune and to power," said Randal as he slowly undressed. "And I owe it but to knowledge—knowledge of men—life—of all that books can teach us."

So his slight thin fingers dropped the extinguisher on the candle, and the prosperous Schemer laid himself down to rest in the dark. Shutters closed, curtains down—never was rest more quiet, never was room more dark!

That evening, Harley had dined at his father's. He spoke much to Helen—scarcely at all to Violante. But it so happened that when later, and but a little while before he took his leave, Helen, at his request, was playing a favorite air of his; Lady Lansmere, who had been seated between him and Violante, left the room, and Violante turned quickly towards Harley.

"Do you know the Marchesa di Negra?" she asked, in a hurried voice.

"A little. Why do you ask?"

"That is my secret," answered Violante, trying to smile with her old frank, childlike archness. "But, tell me, do you think better of her than of her brother?"

"Certainly. I believe her heart to be good, and that she is not without generous qualities."

"Can you not induce my father to see her! Would you not counsel him to do so!"

"Any wish of yours is law to me," answered Harley gallantly. "You wish your father to see her! I will try and persuade him to do so. Now, in return, confide to me your secret. What is your object?"

"Leave to return to my Italy. I care not for honors—for rank; and even my father has ceased to regret their loss. But the land, the native land—Oh, to see it once more! Oh, to die there!"

"Die! You children have so lately left heaven, that ye talk as if ye could return there without passing through the gates of sorrow, infirmity, and age! But I thought you were content with England. Why so eager to leave it! Violante, you are unkind to us!—to Helen, who already loves you so well!"

As Harley spoke, Helen rose from the piano, and, approaching Violante, placed her hand caressingly on the Italian's shoulder. Violante shivered, and shrank away. The eyes both of Harley and Helen followed her. Harley's eyes were very grave and thoughtful.

"Is she not changed—your friend?" said he, looking down.

"Yes, lately—much changed. I fear there is something on her mind—I know not what."

"Ah!" muttered Harley, "it may be so; but at your age and hers, nothing rests on the mind long. Observe, I say the mind—the heart is more tenacious."

Helen sighed softly, but deeply.

"And therefore," continued Harley, half to himself, "we can detect when something is on the mind—some care, some fear, some trouble. But when the heart closes over its own more passionate sorrow, who can discover? who conjecture? Yet you at least, my pure, candid Helen—you might subject mind and heart alike to the fabled window of glass."

"O, no!" cried Helen involuntarily.

"O, yes! Do not let me think that you have one secret I may not know, or one sorrow I may not share. For, in our relationship—that would be deceit."

He pressed her hand with more than usual tenderness as he spoke, and shortly afterwards left the house.

And all that night Helen felt like a guilty thing—more wretched even than Violante.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY the next morning, while Violante was still in her room, a letter addressed to her came by the post. The direction was in a strange hand. She opened it, and read in Italian what is thus translated:—

"I would gladly see you, but I cannot call openly at the house in which you live. Perhaps I may have it in my power to arrange family dissensions—to repair any wrongs your father may have sustained. Perhaps I may be enabled to render yourself an essential service. But for all this, it is necessary that we should meet, and confer frankly. Meanwhile time presses—delay is forbidden. Will you meet me, an hour after noon, in the lane, just outside the private gate of your gardens? I shall be alone; and you cannot fear

to meet one of your own sex, and a kinswoman. Ah, I so desire to see you! Come, I beseech you.
BEATRICE."

Violante read, and her decision was taken. She was naturally fearless, and there was little that she would not have braved for the chance of serving her father. And now all peril seemed slight in comparison with that which awaited her in Randal's suit, backed by her father's approval. Randal had said that Madame di Negra alone could aid her in escape from himself. Harley had said that Madame di Negra had generous qualities; and who but Madame di Negra would write herself a kinswoman, and sign herself "Beatrice?"

A little before the appointed hour, she stole unobserved through the trees, opened the little gate, and found herself in the quiet solitary lane. In a few minutes, a female figure came up, with a quick light step; and, throwing aside her veil, said, with a sort of wild, suppressed energy, "It is you! I was truly told. Beautiful!—beautiful! And, oh! what youth and what bloom!"

The voice dropped mournfully; and Violante, surprised by the tone, and, blushing under the praise, remained a moment silent; then she said, with some hesitation—

"You are, I presume, the Marchesa di Negra! And I have heard of you enough to induce me to trust you."

"Of me! From whom?" asked Beatrice, almost fiercely.

"From Mr. Leslie, and—and—"

"Go on—why falter?"

"From Lord L'Estrange."

"From no one else?"

"Not that I remember."

Beatrice sighed heavily, and let fall her veil. Some foot-passengers now came up the lane; and seeing two ladies, of mien so remarkable, turned round, and gazed curiously.

"We cannot talk here," said Beatrice impatiently; "and I have so much to say—so much to know. Trust me yet more; it is for yourself I speak. My carriage waits yonder. Come home with me—I will not detain you an hour; and I will bring you back."

This proposition startled Violante. She retreated towards the gate, with a gesture of dissent. Beatrice laid her hand on the girl's arm, and again lifting her veil, gazed at her with a look, half of scorn, half of admiration.

"I, too, would once have recoiled from one step beyond the formal line by which the world divides liberty from woman. Now—see how bold I am. Child, child, do not trifle with your destiny. You may never again have the same occasion offered to you. It is not only to meet you that I am here; I must know something of you—something of your heart. Why shrink!—is not the heart pure?"

Violante made no answer; but her smile, so sweet and so lofty, humbled the questioner it rebuked.

"I may restore to Italy your father," said Beatrice, with an altered voice. "Come!"

Violante approached, but still hesitatingly.

"Not by union with your brother?"

"You dread that so much, then?"

"Dread it! No! Why should I dread what is in my power to reject. But if you can really restore my father, and by nobler means, you may save me for—"

Violante stopped abruptly; the marchesa's eyes sparkled.

"Save you for—ah! I can guess what you leave unsaid. But come, come—more strangers—see; you shall tell me all at my own house. And if you can make one sacrifice, why, I will save you all else. Come, or farewell forever!"

Violante placed her hand in Beatrice's with a frank confidence that brought the accusing blood into the marchesa's cheek.

"We are women both," said Violante; "we descended from the same noble house; we have knelt alike to the same Virgin Mother; why should I not believe and trust you?"

"Why not?" muttered Beatrice feebly; and she moved on, with her head bowed on her breast, and all the pride of her step was gone.

They reached a carriage that stood by the angle of the road. Beatrice spake a word apart to the driver, who was an Italian, in the pay of the count; the man nodded, and opened the carriage door. The ladies entered. Beatrice pulled down the blinds; the man remounted his box, and drove on rapidly.

Beatrice, leaning back, groaned aloud. Violante drew nearer to her side. "Are you in pain?" said she, with her tender, melodious voice; "or can I serve you as you would serve me?"

"Child, give me your hand, and be silent while I look at you. Was I ever so fair as this! Never! And what deeps—what deeps roll between her and me!"

She said this as of some one absent, and again sank into silence; but continued still to gaze on Violante, whose eyes, veiled by their long fringes, drooped beneath the gaze.

Suddenly Beatrice started, exclaiming, "No, it shall not be!" and placed her hand on the check-string.

"What shall not be?" asked Violante, surprised by the cry and the action. Beatrice paused—her breast heaved visibly under her dress.

"Stay," she said slowly. "As you say, we are both women of the same noble house; you would reject the suit of my brother, yet you have seen him; his the form to please the eye—his the arts that allure the fancy. He offers to you rank, wealth, your father's pardon and recall. If I could remove the objections which your father entertains—prove that the count has less wronged him than he deems, would you still reject the rank, and the wealth, and the hand of Giulio Franzini?"

"Oh yes, yes, were his hand a king's!"

"Still, then, as woman to woman—both, as you say, akin, and sprung from the same lineage—still, then, answer me—answer me, for you speak to one who has loved—Is it not that you love another? Speak."

"I do not know. Nay, not love—it was a romance; it is a thing impossible. Do not question—I cannot answer." And the broken words were choked by sudden tears.

Beatrice's face grew hard and pitiless. Again she lowered her veil, and withdrew her hand from the check-string; but the coachman had felt the touch, and halted. "Drive on," said Beatrice, "as you were directed."

Both were now long silent—Violante with great difficulty recovering from her emotion, Beatrice breathing hard, and her arms folded firmly across her breast.

Meanwhile the carriage had entered London—it passed the quarter in which Madame di Negra's

house was situated—it rolled fast over a bridge—it whirled through a broad thoroughfare, then through defiles of lanes, with tall, blank, dreary houses on either side. On it went, and on, till Violante suddenly took alarm. "Do you live so far?" she said, drawing up the blind, and gazing in dismay on the strange ignoble suburb. "I shall be missed already. Oh, let us turn back, I beseech you!"

"We are nearly there now. The driver has taken this road in order to avoid those streets in which we might have been seen together—perhaps by my brother himself. Listen to me, and talk of—of the lover whom you rightly associate with a vain romance. 'Impossible,'—yes, it is impossible!"

Violante clasped her hands before her eyes, and bowed down her head. "Why are you so cruel?" said she. "This is not what you promised! How are you to serve my father—how restore him to his country? This is what you promised."

"If you consent to one sacrifice, I will fulfil that promise. We are arrived."

The carriage stopped before a tall, dull house, divided from other houses by a high wall that appeared to enclose a yard, and standing at the end of a narrow lane, which was bounded on the one side by the Thames. In that quarter the river was crowded with gloomy, dark-looking vessels and craft, all lying lifeless under the wintry sky.

The driver dismounted, and rang the bell. Two swarthy Italian faces presented themselves at the threshold.

Beatrice now descended lightly, and gave her hand to Violante. "Now, here we shall be secure," said she; "and here a few minutes may suffice to decide your fate."

As the door closed on Violante—who, now waking to suspicion, to alarm, looked fearfully round the dark and dismal hall—Beatrice turned: "Let the carriage wait."

The Italian who received the order bowed and smiled; but when the two ladies had ascended the stairs, he reopened the street-door and said to the driver, "Back to the count, and say, all is safe."

The carriage drove off. The man who had given this order barred and locked the door, and, taking with him the huge key, plunged into the mystic recesses of the basement and disappeared. The hall, thus left solitary, had the grim aspect of a prison; the strong door sheeted with iron—the rugged stone stairs, lighted by a high window grimed with the dust of years, jealously barred—and the walls themselves abutting out rudely here and there, as if against violence even from within.

CHAPTER VI.

It was, as we have seen, without taking counsel of the faithful Jemima that the sage recluse of Norwood had yielded to his own fears, and Randal's subtle suggestions, in the concise and arbitrary letter which he had written to Violante; but at night, when churchyards give up the dead, and conjugal hearts the secrets hid by day from each other, the wise man informed his wife of the step he had taken. And Jemima then—who held English notions, very different from those which prevail in Italy, as to the right of fathers to dispose of their daughters without reference to inclination or repugnance, and who had an instinctive antipathy to Randal—so sensibly, yet

so mildly, represented to the pupil of Machiavel that he had not gone exactly the right way to work, if he feared that the handsome count had made some impression on Violante, and if he wished to turn with favor to the suitor he recommended—that so abrupt a command could only chill the heart, revolt the will, and even give to the audacious Peschiera some romantic attraction which he had not before possessed—as effectually to destroy Riccabocca's sleep that night. And the next day he sent Giacomo to Lady Lansmere's with a very kind letter to Violante, and a note to the hostess, praying the latter to bring his daughter to Norwood for a few hours, as he much wished to converse with both. It was on Giacomo's arrival at Knightsbridge that Violante's absence was discovered. Lady Lansmere, ever proudly careful of the world and its gossip, kept Giacomo from betraying his excitement to her servants, and stated throughout the decorous household that the young lady had informed her she was going to visit some friends that morning, and had no doubt gone through the garden-gate, since it was found open; the way was more quiet there than by the high-road, and her friends might have therefore walked to meet her by the lane. Lady Lansmere observed that her only surprise was that Violante had gone earlier than she had expected. Having said this with a composure that compelled belief, Lady Lansmere ordered the carriage, and, taking Giacomo with her, drove at once to consult her son.

Harley's quick intellect had scarcely recovered from the shock upon his emotions, before Randal Leslie was announced.

"Ah," said Lady Lansmere, "Mr. Leslie may know something. He came to her yesterday with a note from her father. Pray let him enter."

The Austrian prince approached Harley. "I will wait in the next room," he whispered. "You may want me, if you have cause to suspect Peschiera in all this."

Lady Lansmere was pleased with the prince's delicacy, and, glancing at Leonard, said, "Perhaps you too, sir, may kindly aid us, if you would retire with the prince. Mr. Leslie may be disinclined to speak of affairs like these, except to Harley and myself."

"True, madam; but beware of Mr. Leslie."

As the door at one end of the room closed on the prince and Leonard, Randal entered at the other, seemingly much agitated.

"I have just been to your house, Lady Lansmere. I heard you were here; pardon me if I have followed you. I had called at Knightsbridge to see Violante—learned that she had left you. I implore you to tell me how or wherefore. I have the right to ask; her father has promised me her hand."

Harley's falcon glance had brightened up at Randal's entrance. It watched steadily the young man's face. It was clouded for a moment by his knitted brows at Randal's closing words. But he left it to Lady Lansmere to reply and explain. This the countess did briefly.

Randal clasped his hands. "And she not gone to her father's! Are you sure of that?"

"Her father's servant has just come from Norwood."

"Oh, I am to blame for this! It is my rash suit—her fear of it—her aversion. I see it all!" Randal's voice was hollow with remorse and despair. "To save her from Peschiera, her father

insisted on her immediate marriage with myself. His orders were too abrupt, my own wooing too unwelcome. I know her high spirit; she has fled to escape from me. But whither, if not to Norwood?—oh, whither? What other friends has she—what relations?"

"You throw a new light on this mystery," said Lady Lansmere; "perhaps she may have gone to her father's, after all, and the servant may have crossed, but missed her on the way. I will drive to Norwood at once."

"Do so—do; but if she be not there, be careful not to alarm Riccabocca with the news of her disappearance. Caution Giacomo not to do so. He would only suspect Peschiera, and be hurried to some act of violence."

"Do not you, then, suspect Peschiera, Mr. Leslie?" asked Harley suddenly.

"Ha! is it possible? Yet, no. I called on him this morning with Frank Hazeldean, who is to marry his sister. I was with him till I went on to Knightsbridge, at the very time of Violante's disappearance. He could not then have been a party to it."

"You saw Violante yesterday. Did you speak to her of Madame di Negra?" asked Harley, suddenly recalling the questions respecting the marchesa which Violante had addressed to him.

In spite of himself, Randal felt that he changed countenance. "Of Madame di Negra? I do not think so. Yet I might. Oh, yes, I remember now. She asked me the marchesa's address; I would not give it."

"The address is easily found. Can she have gone to the marchesa's house?"

"I will run there, and see," cried Randal, starting up.

"And I with you. Stay, my dear mother. Proceed, as you propose, to Norwood, and take Mr. Leslie's advice. Spare our friend the news of his daughter's loss—if lost she be—till she is restored to him. He can be of no use meanwhile. Let Giacomo rest here; I may want him."

Harley then passed into the next room, and entreated the prince and Leonard to await his return, and allow Giacomo to stay in the same room.

He then went quickly back to Randal. Whatever might be his fears or emotions, Harley felt that he had need of all his coolness of judgment and presence of mind. The occasion made abrupt demand upon powers which had slept since boyhood, but which now woke with a vigor that would have made even Randal tremble, could he have detected the wit, the courage, the electric energies, masked under that tranquil self-possession. Lord L'Estrange and Randal soon reached the marchesa's house, and learned that she had been out since morning in one of Count Peschiera's carriages. Randal stole an alarmed glance at Harley's face. Harley did not seem to notice it.

"Now, Mr. Leslie, what do you advise next?"

"I am at a loss. Ah, perhaps, afraid of her father—knowing how despotic is his belief in paternal rights, and how tenacious he is of his word once passed, as it has been to me, she may have resolved to take refuge in the country—perhaps at the Casino, or at Mrs. Dale's or Mrs. Hazeldean's. I will hasten to inquire at the coach-office. Meanwhile, you—"

"Never mind me, Mr. Leslie. Do as you please. But, if your surmises be just, you must have been a very rude wooer to the high-born lady you aspire to win."

"Not so; but perhaps an unwelcome one. If she has indeed fled from me, need I say that my suit will be withdrawn at once? I am not a selfish lover, Lord L'Estrange."

"Nor I a vindictive man. Yet, could I discover who has conspired against this lady, a guest under my father's roof, I would crush him into the mire as easily as I set my foot upon this glove. Good-day to you, Mr. Lealie."

Randal stood still for a few moments as Harley strided on; then his lip sneered as it muttered—"Insolent! He loves her. Well, I am avenged already."

CHAPTER VII.

HARLEY went straight to Peschiera's hotel. He was told that the count had walked out with Mr. Frank Hazeldean and some other gentlemen who had breakfasted with him. He had left word, in case any one called, that he had gone to Tattersall's to look at some horses that were for sale. To Tattersall's went Harley. The count was in the yard leaning against a pillar, and surrounded by fashionable friends. Lord L'Estrange paused, and, with a heroic effort at self-mastery, repressed his rage. "I may lose all if I show that I suspect him; and yet I must insult and fight him rather than leave his movements free. Ah, is that young Hazeldean? A thought strikes me!" Frank was standing apart from the group around the count, and looking very absent and very sad. Harley touched him on the shoulder, and drew him aside unobserved by the count.

"Mr. Hazeldean, your uncle Egerton is my dearest friend. Will you be a friend to me? I want you."

"My lord—"

"Follow me. Do not let Count Peschiera see us talking together."

Harley quitted the yard, and entered St. James' Park by the little gate close by. In a very few words he informed Frank of Violante's disappearance, and of his reasons for suspecting the count. Frank's first sentiment was that of indignant disbelief that the brother to Beatrice could be so vile; but as he gradually called to mind the cynical and corrupt vein of the count's familiar conversation—the hints of Peschiera's prejudice that had been dropped by Beatrice herself—and the general character for brilliant and daring profligacy which even the admirers of the count ascribed to him—Frank was compelled to reluctant acquiescence in Harley's suspicions; and he said, with an earnest gravity very rare to him—"Believe me, Lord L'Estrange, if I can assist you in defeating a base and mercenary design against this poor young lady, you have but to show me how. One thing is clear—Peschiera was not personally engaged in this abduction, since I have been with him all day; and—now I think of it—I begin to hope that you wrong him; for he has invited a large party of us to make an excursion with him to Boulogne next week, in order to try his yacht; which he could scarcely do, if—"

"Yacht, at this time of the year! a man who habitually resides at Vienna—a yacht!"

"Spendquick sells it a bargain, on account of the time of year and other reasons; and the count proposes to spend next summer in cruising about the Ionian Isles. He has some property on those Isles, which he has never yet visited."

"How long is it since he bought this yacht?"

"Why, I am not sure that it is already bought—that is, paid for. Levy was to meet Spendquick this very morning to arrange the matter. Spendquick complains that Levy screws him."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean, you are guiding me through the maze. Where shall I find Lord Spendquick?"

"At this hour, probably, in bed. Here is his card."

"Thanks. And where lies the vessel?"

"It was off Blackwall the other day. I went to see it—'The Flying Dutchman'—a fine vessel, and carries guns."

"Enough. Now, heed me. There can be no immediate danger to Violante, so long as Peschiera does not meet her—so long as we know his movements. You are about to marry his sister. Avail yourself of that privilege to keep close by his side. Refuse to be shaken off. Make what excuses for the present your invention suggests. I will give you an excuse. Be anxious and uneasy to know where you can find Madame di Negra."

"Madame di Negra?" cried Frank. "What of her? Is she not in Curzon Street?"

"No; she has gone out in one of the count's carriages. In all probability the driver of that carriage, or some servant in attendance on it, will come to the count in the course of the day; and, in order to get rid of you, the count will tell you to see this servant, and ascertain yourself that his sister is safe. Pretend to believe what the man says, but make him come to your lodgings on pretence of writing there a letter to the marchesa. Once at your lodgings, and he will be safe; for I shall see that the officers of justice secure him. The moment he is there, send an express for me to my hotel."

"But," said Frank, a little bewildered, "if I go to my lodgings, how can I watch the count?"

"It will not then be necessary. Only get him to accompany you to your lodgings, and part with him at the door."

"Stop, stop—you cannot suspect Madame di Negra of connivance in a scheme so infamous. Pardon me, Lord L'Estrange; I cannot act in this matter—cannot even hear you, except as your foe, if you insinuate a word against the honor of the woman I love."

"Brave gentleman, your hand. It is Madame di Negra I would save, as well as my friend's young child. Think but of her, while you act as I entreat, and all will go well. I confide in you. Now, return to the count."

Frank walked back to join Peschiera, and his brow was thoughtful, and his lips closed firmly. Harley had that gift which belongs to the genius of Action. He inspired others with the light of his own spirit and the force of his own will. Harley then hastened to Lord Spendquick, remained with that young gentleman some minutes, then repaired to his hotel, where Leonard, the prince, and Giacomo still awaited him.

"Come with me, both of you. You, too, Giacomo. I must now see the police. We may then divide upon separate missions."

"Oh, my dear lord," cried Leonard, "you must have had good news. You seem cheerful and sanguine."

"Seem! Nay, I am so! If I once paused to despond—even to doubt—I should go mad. A foe to baffle, and an angel to save! Whose spirits would not rise high—whose wits would not move quick to the warm pulse of his heart!"

CHAPTER VIII.

TWILIGHT was dark in the room to which Beatrice had conducted Violante. A great change had come over Beatrice. Humble and weeping, she knelt beside Violante, hiding her face, and imploring pardon. And Violante, striving to resist the terror for which she now saw such cause as no woman-heart can defy, still sought to soothe, and still sweetly assured forgiveness.

Beatrice had learned—after quick and fierce questions, that at last compelled the answer that cleared away every doubt—that her jealousy had been groundless—that she had no rival in Violante. From that moment, the passions that had made her the tool of guilt abruptly vanished, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery. Perhaps had Violante's heart been wholly free, or she had been of that mere commonplace, girlish character which women like Beatrice are apt to despise, the marchesa's affection for Peschiera, and her dread of him, might have made her try to persuade her young kinswoman at least to receive the count's visit—at least to suffer him to make his own excuses, and plead his own cause. But there had been a loftiness of spirit in which Violante had first defied the marchesa's questions, followed by such generous, exquisite sweetness, when the girl perceived how that wild heart was stung and maddened, and such purity of mournful candor when she had overcome her own virgin bashfulness sufficiently to undeceive the error she detected, and confess where her own affections were placed, that Beatrice bowed before her as mariner of old to some fair saint that had allayed the storm.

"I have deceived you!" she cried through her sobs; "but I will now save you at any cost. Had you been as I deemed—the rival who had despoiled all the hopes of my future life—I would, without remorse, have been the accomplice I am pledged to be. But *now*, you!—oh, you—so good and so noble—you can never be the bride of Peschiera. Nay, start not; he shall renounce his design forever, or I will go myself to our emperor, and expose the dark secrets of his life. Return with me quick to the home from which I ensnared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell—her lips grew white; the door was locked from without. She called—no one answered; the bell-pull in the room gave no sound; the windows were high and barred—they did not look on the river, nor the street, but on a close, gloomy, silent yard—high blank walls all around it—no one to hear the cry of distress, rang it ever so loud and sharp.

Beatrice divined that she herself had been no less ensnared than her companion; that Peschiera, distrustful of her firmness in evil, had precluded her from the power of reparation. She was in a house only tenanted by his hirelings. Not a hope to save Violante from a fate that now appalled her, seemed to remain. Thus, in incoherent self-reproaches and frenzied tears, Beatrice knelt beside her victim, communicating more and more the terrors that she felt, as the hours rolled on, and the room darkened, till it was only by the dull lamp which gleamed through the grimy windows from the yard without, that each saw the face of the other.

Night came on; they heard a clock from some distant church strike the hours. The dim fire

had long since burnt out, and the air became intensely cold. No one broke upon their solitude—not a voice was heard in the house. They felt neither cold nor hunger—they felt but the solitude, and the silence, and the dread of something that was to come.

At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door; then there was the quick sound of steps—of sullen bolts withdrawn—of low, murmured voices. Light streamed through the chinks of the door to the apartment—the door itself opened. Two Italians bearing tapers entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed.

Beatrice sprang up, and rushed towards her brother. He placed his hand gently on her lip, and motioned to the Italians to withdraw. They placed the lights on the table, and vanished without a word.

Peschiera then putting aside his sister, approached Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, with an air of easy but resolute assurance, "there are things which no man can excuse, and no woman can pardon, unless that love, which is beyond all laws, suggests excuse for the one, and obtains pardon for the other. In a word, I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

"Giulio, no! Giulio Franzini, I stand between you and her; you shall strike me to the earth before you can touch even the hem of her robe."

"What, my sister!—you turn against me?"

"And unless you instantly retire and leave her free, I will unmask you to the emperor."

"Too late, *mon enfant*! You will sail with us. The effects you may need for the voyage are already on board. You will be witness to our marriage, and by a holy son of the church. Then tell the emperor what you will."

With a light and sudden exertion of his strength, the count put away Beatrice, and fell on his knee before Violante, who, drawn to her full height, death-like pale, but untrebling, regarded him with unutterable disdain.

"You scorn me now," said he, throwing into his features an expression of humility and admiration, "and I cannot wonder at it. But, believe me, that until the scorn yield to a kinder sentiment, I will take no advantage of the power I have gained over your fate."

"Power!" said Violante haughtily. "You have ensnared me into this house—you have gained the power of a day; but the power over my fate—no!"

"You mean that your friends have discovered your disappearance, and are on your track. Fair one, I provide against your friends, and I defy all the laws and police of England. The vessel that will bear you from these shores waits in the river hard by. Beatrice, I warn you—be still—unhand me. In that vessel will be a priest who shall join our hands, but not before you will recognize the truth, that she who flies with Giulio Peschiera must become his wife, or quit him as the disgrace of her house, and the scorn of her sex."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried Beatrice.

"Peste, my sister, gentler words. You, too, would marry. I tell no tales of you. Signorina, I grieve to threaten force. Give me your hand; we must be gone."

Violante eluded the clasp that would have profaned her, and, darting across the room, opened the

door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat-cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, gleamed on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English; and passing his arm around her—"in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls and a beard of the same hue.

The count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung around him.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—no, this suffices." He caught his sister in his arms, as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

The hall was crowded with fierce swarthy men. The count turned to one of them, and whispered; in an instant the marchesa was seized and gagged. The count cast a look over his shoulder; Violante was close behind, supported by the man to whom Peschiera had consigned her, and who was pointing to Beatrice, and appeared warning Violante against resistance. Violante was silent, and seemed resigned. Peschiera smiled cynically, and, preceded by some of his hirelings, who held torches, descended a few steps that led to an abrupt landing-place between the hall and the basement story. There, a small door stood open, and the river flowed close by. A boat was moored on the bank, round which grouped four men, who had the air of foreign sailors. At the appearance of Peschiera, three of these men sprang into the boat and got ready their oars. The fourth carefully readjusted a plank thrown from the boat to the wharf, and offered his arm obsequiously to Peschiera. The count was the first to enter, and, humming a gay opera air, took his place by the helm. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute the boat bounded swiftly over the waves towards a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river, and apart from all the meaner craft that crowded the stream. The stars struggled pale through the foggy atmosphere; not a word was heard within the boat—no sound save the regular splash of the oars. The count paused from his lively tune, and, gathering round him the ample folds of his fur pelisse, seemed absorbed in thought. Even by the imperfect light of the stars, Peschiera's face wore an air of sovereign triumph. The result had justified that careless and insolent confidence in himself and in fortune, which was the most prominent feature in the character of the man who, both brave and gamester, had played against the world, with his rapier in one hand, and coggled dice in the other. Violante, once in a vessel filled by his own men, was irretrievably in his power. Even her father must feel grateful to learn that the captive of Pes-

chiera had saved name and repute in becoming Peschiera's wife. Even the pride of sex in Violante herself must induce her to confirm what Peschiera, of course, intended to state, viz., that she was a willing partner in a bridegroom's schemes of flight towards the altar, rather than the poor victim of a betrayer, and receiving his hand but from his mercy. He saw his fortune secured, his success envied, his very character rehabilitated by his splendid nuptials. Ambition began to mingle with his dreams of pleasure and pomp. What post in the court or the state too high for the aspirations of one who had evinced the most incontestable talent for active life—the talent to succeed in all that the will had undertaken? Thus mused the count, half forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the golden future, till he was aroused by a loud hail from the vessel, and the bustle on board the boat, as the sailors caught at the rope flung forth to them. He then rose and moved towards Violante. But the man who was still in charge of her passed the count lightly, half leading, half carrying his passive prisoner. "Pardon, excellency," said the man in Italian, "but the boat is crowded, and rocks so much that your aid would but disturb our footing." Before Peschiera could reply, Violante was already on the steps of the vessel, and the count paused till, with elated smile, he saw her safely standing on the deck. Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera himself; but when the Italians in his train also thronged towards the sides of the boat, two of the sailors got before them, and let go the rope, while the other two plied their oars vigorously, and pulled back towards shore. The Italians burst into an amazed and indignant volley of execrations. "Silence," said the sailor who had stood by the plank, "we obey orders. If you are not quiet, we shall upset the boat. We can swim; Heaven and Monsignore San Giacomo pity you if you cannot."

Meanwhile, as Peschiera leapt upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the count more luminously than the torches. On one side of this man stood the Austrian prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false dark locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curved by a smile, in which the ironical humor native to the man was tempered with a calm and supreme disdain. The count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile. He saw many Italian faces, but they scowled at him with vindictive hate; in the rear were English mariners, peering curiously over the shoulders of the foreigners, and with a broad grin on their open countenances. Suddenly, as the count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupefied, there burst from all the Italians present a hoot of unutterable scorn—"Il traditore! il traditore!"—(the traitor! the traitor!)

The count was brave, and at the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group by which he had been hitherto standing, and towards him the count advanced with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said in French, fiercely. "I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement."

"Pardieu Monsieur le Comte," answered Harley

in the same language, which lends itself so well to polished sarcasm and high-bred enmity—"let us distinguish. Explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honor to resign to yourself. This vessel!"

"Is mine!" cried the count. "Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, *Monsieur le Comte*, are on shore, drinking success to your voyage. But, anxious still to procure you the gratification of being amongst your own countrymen, those whom I have taken into my pay are still better Italians than the pirates whose place they supply; perhaps not such good sailors; but then I have taken the liberty to add to the equipment of a vessel, which has cost me too much to risk lightly, some stout English seamen, who are mariners more practised than even your pirates. Your grand mistake, *Monsieur le Comte*, is in thinking that the 'Flying Dutchman' is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, *Monsieur le Comte*, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service."

Peschiera smiled scornfully.

"I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the travelling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation."

"Let not that vex you, *Monsieur le Comte*—the atonement is, in much, made already; so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honor would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness the Prince * * *, of whose rank at the Austrian court you are fully aware, to state to your emperor that he himself has been witness of the manner in which you interpreted his imperial majesty's assent to your nuptials with a child of one of the first subjects in his Italian realm; and, next, to commence, by a penitential excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment which I have no doubt will accompany the same act that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honors."

The count started.

"That restoration," said the Austrian prince, who had advanced to Harley's side, "I already guarantee. Disgrace that you are, Giulio Franzini, to the nobles of the empire, I will not leave my royal master till his hand strike your name from the roll. I have here your own letters, to prove that your kinsman was duped by yourself into the revolt which you would have headed as a Catiline, if it had not better suited your nature to betray it as a Judas. In ten days from this time, these letters will be laid before the emperor and his council."

"Are you satisfied, *Monsieur le Comte*," said Harley, "with your atonement so far? if not I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now, that though,

for a while, you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may give you alms. Kneel, then, Giulio Franzini—kneel, baffled bravo—kneel, ruined gamester—kneel, miserable outcast—at the feet of Alphonso, Prince of Monteleone and Duke of Serrano."

The above dialogue had been in French, which only a few of the Italians present understood, and that imperfectly; but at the name with which Harley concluded his address to the count, a simultaneous cry from those Italians broke forth.

"Alphonso the Good!—Alphonso the Good! Viva—viva—the good Duke of Serrano!"

And, forgetful even of the count, they crowded round the tall form of Riccabocca, striving who should first kiss his hand—the very hem of his garments.

Riccabocca's eyes overflowed. The gaunt exile seemed transfigured into another and more kingly man. An inexpressible dignity invested him. He stretched forth his arms, as if to bless his countrymen. Even that rude cry, from humble men, exiles like himself, consoled him for years of banishment and penury.

"Thanks, thanks," he continued; "thanks. Some day or other you will all perhaps return with me to the beloved land!"

The Austrian prince bowed his head as if in assent to the prayer.

"Giulio Franzini," said the Duke of Serrano—for so we may now call the threadbare recluse of the Casino—"had this last villanous design of yours been allowed by Providence, think you that there is one spot on earth on which the ravisher could have been saved from a father's arm? But now Heaven has been more kind. In this hour let me imitate its mercy;" and with relaxing brow the duke mildly drew near to his guilty kinsman.

From the moment the Austrian prince had addressed him, the count had preserved a profound silence showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay. But as the prince now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to your emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape from the meeting to which I will force you by the way." He spoke and made a rush towards the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the gripe of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down. Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length, overpowered by numbers, though still struggling—all dignity, all attempt at presence of mind gone, uttering curses the most plebeian, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, nothing seemed left of the brilliant Lothario but the coarse fury of the fierce natural man.

Then still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which might have graced the marquis of the old French regime, and which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming count.

"*Adieu, Monsieur le Comte—adieu!* I am rejoiced to see that you are so well provided with furs. You will need them for your voyage; it is a very cold one at this time of the year. The vessel which you have honored me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. *Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, adieu! et bon voyage.*"

Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera, in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin.

"A trick for the trickster," said L'Estrange to the Austrian prince. "The revenge of a farce on the would-be tragedian."

"More than that—he is ruined."

"And ridiculous," quoth Harley. "I should like to see his look when they land him in Norway." Harley then passed towards the centre of the vessel, by which, hitherto partially concealed by the sailors, who were now busily occupied, stood Beatrice; Frank Hazeldean, who had first received her on entering the vessel, standing by her side; and Leonard, a little apart from the two, in quiet observation of all that had passed around him. Beatrice appeared but little to heed Frank; her dark eyes were lifted to the dim starry skies, and her lips were moving as if in prayer; yet her young lover was speaking to her in great emotion, low and rapidly.

"No, no—do not think for a moment that we suspect you, Beatrice. I will answer for your honor with my life. Oh, why will you turn from me—why will you not speak?"

"A moment later," said Beatrice softly. "Give me one moment yet." She passed slowly and falteringly towards Leonard—placed her hand, that trembled, on his arm—and led him aside, to the verge of the vessel. Frank, startled by her movement, made a step as if to follow, and then stopped short, and looked on, but with a clouded and doubtful countenance. Harley's smile had gone, and his eye was also watchful.

It was but a few words that Beatrice spoke—it was but by a sentence or so that Leonard answered; and then Beatrice extended her hand which the young poet bent over, and kissed in silence. She lingered an instant; and, even by the starlight, Harley noted the blush that overspread her face. The blush faded as Beatrice returned to Frank. Lord L'Estrange would have retired—she signed to him to stay.

"My lord," she said very firmly, "I cannot accuse you of harshness to my sinful and unhappy brother. His offence might perhaps deserve a heavier punishment than that which you inflict with such playful scorn. But whatever his penance, contempt now, or poverty later, I feel that his sister should be by his side to share it. I am not innocent, if he be guilty; and, wreck though he be, nothing else on this dark sea of life is now left to me to cling to. Hush, my lord! I shall not leave this vessel. All that I entreat of you is, to order your men to respect my brother, since a woman will be by his side."

"But, marchesa, this cannot be; and—"

"Beatrice, Beatrice—and me!—our betrothal! Do you forget me?" cried Frank, in reproachful agony.

"No, young and too noble lover; I shall remember you ever in my prayers. But listen. I

have been deceived—hurried on, I might say—by others, but also, and far more, by my own mad and blinded heart—deceived, hurried on, to wrong you and to belie myself. My shame burns into me when I think that I could have inflicted on you the just anger of your family—linked you to my own ruined fortunes, my own tarnished name—my own—"

"Your own generous, loving heart!—that is all I asked!" cried Frank. "Cease, cease—that heart is mine still!"

Tears gushed from the Italian's eyes.

"Englishman, I never loved you; this heart was dead to you, and it will be dead to all else forever. Farewell. You will forget me sooner than you think for—sooner than I shall forget you—as a friend, as a brother—if brothers had natures as tender and as kind as yours! Now, my lord, will you give me your arm? I would join the count."

"Stay—one word, madam," said Frank, very pale, and through his set teeth, but calmly, and with a pride on his brow which had never before dignified its careless open expression—"one word. I may not be worthy of you in anything else—but an honest love, that never doubted, never suspected—that would have clung to you though all the world were against; such a love makes the meanest man of worth. One word, frank and open. By all that you hold most sacred in your creed, did you speak the truth when you said that you never loved me?"

Beatrice bent down her head; she was abashed before this manly nature that she had so deceived, and perhaps till then undervalued.

"Pardon, pardon," she said, in reluctant accents, half-choked by the rising of a sob.

At her hesitation Frank's face lighted as if with sudden hope. She raised her eyes, and saw the change in him, then glanced where Leonard stood, mournful and motionless. She shivered, and added firmly—

"Yes—pardon; for I spoke the truth; and I had no heart to give. It might have been as wax to another—it was of granite to you." She paused, and muttered inly—"Granite, and—broken!"

Frank said not a word more. He stood rooted to the spot, not even gazing after Beatrice as she passed away leaning on the arm of Lord L'Estrange. He then walked resolutely away, and watched the boat that the men were now lowering from the side of the vessel. Beatrice stopped when she came near the place where Violante stood, answering in agitated whispers her father's anxious questions. As she stopped, she leaned more heavily upon Harley. "It is your arm that trembles now, Lord L'Estrange," said she, with a mournful smile and, quitting him before he could answer, she bowed down her head meekly before Violante. "You have pardoned me already," she said, in a tone that reached only the girl's ear, "and my last words shall not be of the past. I see your future spread bright before me under those steadfast stars. Love still; hope and trust. These are the last words of her who will soon die to the world. Fair maid, they are prophetic!"

Violante shrank back to her father's breast, and there hid her glowing face, resigning her hand to Beatrice, who pressed it to her bosom. The marchesa then came back to Harley, and disappeared with him in the interior of the vessel.

When Harley reappeared on deck, he seemed much flurried and disturbed. He kept aloof from the duke and Violante, and was the last to enter the boat, that was now lowered into the water.

As he and his companions reached the land, they saw the vessel in movement, and gliding slowly down the river.

"Courage, Leonard, courage!" murmured Harley. "You grieve, and nobly. But you have shunned the worst and most vulgar deceit in civilized life; you have not simulated love. Better that you poor lady should be, awhile, the sufferer from a harsh truth, than the eternal martyr of a flattering lie! Alas! my Leonard! with the love of the poet's dream are linked only the graces ;

with the love of the human heart come the awful Fates!"

"My lord, poets do not dream when they love. You will learn how the feelings are deep in proportion as the fancies are vivid, when you read that confession of genius and woe which I have left in your hands."

Leonard turned away. Harley's gaze followed him with inquiring interest, and suddenly encountered the soft, dark, grateful eyes of Violante. "The Fates, the Fates!" murmured Harley.

From the British Journal.

THE GOLD-FINDERS.

THE blithe midsummer time, brother,
The prime of all the year,
Is shining on our Irish hills,
And you are watching here ;
Watching beside me night and day
On this wild southern wold,
Where my grave will lie so far away,
And we came to find the gold.

We have been brave to strive, brother,
We have been strong to toil ;
For I have served the stranger, dear,
And you have delved the soil ;
And they would call us rich at home,
But oh, the sea is wide,
Or I might see my mother's face,
And die at her fireside.

Alas ! that we should part, brother,
Who were so kind and true ;
That this poor hut by night and morn
Should be so lone for you ;
That our father and our mother sit
By a distant hearth and cold,
But you know 't was for their sakes, dear,
That we came to find the gold.

Our own old cottage home, brother,
That stood so warm and low,
On the farm, beside the river, they
Took from us long ago.
I have dreamt of all its meadow springs,
Of all its harvest cheer,
But the stranger owns it many a day,
And I am dying here.

Don't mind my foolish words, dear,
God's blessed will be done ;
But when you buy it back, with what
These poor hands helped to win,
Oh ! never think it was for that
Your sister's life was sold,
Though the heart broke down at last, dear,
Where we went to find the gold.

You see that withered bud, brother,
Plucked from a wild rose-tree ;
'T was kept but for the sake of one
That dealt not well with me.
If I have never named him since,
It was not all for pride ;
And maybe, brother, he was right
To choose a richer bride.

That long sore fret has passed, dear ;
We will speak of better things.
What signifies the loss or gain
This poor world's journey brings ?
There 's nothing poor or false in heaven,
No hopes that lose their hold,
And the way is short from this wild plain
Where we came to find the gold.

Don't let my mother miss me,
When you and Mary wed,
But mind how we have worked and lived,
And cheer the gray old head ;
And plant a cross upon my grave,
For some poor soul to see.
And, brother, keep the good straight way,
It will bring you safe to me.

FRANCES BROWN.

From Punch.

THE HERO OF THE HUSTINGS.

THE honorable gentleman upon the Hustings stood
For two hours of a summer's day—a feat of luster—

And shouted forth, and saw'd the air with all his
force and might,
The temperature higher than a hundred, Fahrenheit.

The sun above him blazing from a blue unclouded sky,
He frying like a sausage that could feel itself to fry ;
It rained upon him cats and dogs ; and likewise, it is
true,
However strange the circumstance, that he was dripping,
too.

The undeveloped offspring of the gallinaceous tribe,
The free and independent men, with many a taunt
and gibe,
Launched also at the candidate's unvenerated head,
And frequently advised him to go home and go to bed.

Not only did this hero spout thus long upon his legs,
And brave the sun, the puppy-dogs, the kittens, and
the eggs ;

Not only he incurred the execrations of the mob,
But lost above a thousand pounds, moreover, by the
job.

Such lots of money, fortitude, exertion, pluck, and
nerve,
It costs to gain the privilege those gentlemen to serve,
Who yell at you, and pelt you with all sorts of nasty
things ;
Surely a seat in Parliament some vast enjoyment
brings !

EPITAPH.

SHE.

"Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here ;
In patience wait, prepare to die,
For thou must shortly come to I."

HE.

"I do not grieve, my dearest life—
Sleep on—I've got another wife ;
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must stay to comfort she."

From the Times, 27th August.

ATLANTIC RACING.

Most readers will recollect that during the recent debates in the American Congress the stormy discussions upon national rights were varied by the introduction of a very different proposition. A commercial company charging itself with the navigation of the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York, and subsidized expressly by the State in aid of its performances, applied to have its premium increased. As the augmentation demanded amounted to 100 per cent. on the original grant, the petition created some little consternation, but in the end it was granted, and the American line of Atlantic steamers will henceforth receive twice the subsidy before given. This circumstance has been made the subject of allusion by a correspondent whose communication, with the signature of "FAIR PLAY," will be found in another part of our impression. That the writer is strangely mistaken in his reference of the question to that of Free Trade will be very easily discovered; but the general train of thought suggested by the letter, may be turned, we conceive, to some profitable account. It is by no means clear that these matters are rightly understood either on one side of the ocean or the other.

Between Liverpool and New York there are running two lines of steamers, one British and one American, encouraged in each case by large grants of money from their respective governments to perform the voyage in the shortest possible time. The subsidy contributed to the British line amounts to a quarter of a million sterling; that enjoyed by the American Company was till lately about the same. It is understood that, in consideration of these special allowances, the stipendiary companies are to disregard certain ordinary views of mercantile enterprise. The vessels are built for speed only, and carry no heavier cargoes than mails and passengers, their otherwise enormous tonnage being absorbed in engine and coal room. They differ, in fact, from vulgar merchantmen little less widely than ships of war, being constructed not, indeed, for fighting, but for running, to the prejudice of all more productive capacities. Under these circumstances the passage across the Atlantic has been reduced from weeks to days, and is now literally a question of hours. The American steamers, though not excelling our own in their average performances, have succeeded in winning one race by about half a neck; that is to say, the very quickest transit on record—being four hours shorter than that next to it—has been executed by an American vessel. As the passage may be set at about 250 hours, there, of course, seems margin enough to make up the odd four, and it is evident that favorable circumstances of work or weather might any day turn the scale in favor of the English. The competition, indeed, is to be prosecuted more vigorously than before, and it is upon this assumption, coupled with the credit of "victory," that the American Company has succeeded in obtaining the large increase of subsidy mentioned above.

Between the two governments, therefore, a bounty amounting to something like three-quarters of a million annually will be paid upon ocean racing. Now there can be no doubt that it is of the very highest importance to bring two such countries as Great Britain and America as close as possible to each other. It may be conceded, also,

that the great principle at stake is not damaged by the smallness of the gain apparently procurable. Four hours is not a large proportion of 250, but, if hours and even minutes had not been closely reckoned, that very average of 250 would never have been reached. A chronometer obtains the prize over another by the difference of thirty seconds in a year. This difference in itself may be inappreciable, but it is owing to this competition for seconds that our ordinary timepieces go so well to minutes. In a good race the actual difference will always be small; otherwise, indeed, the race would not be a good one. But, granting all this, is it worth while, upon sound views of policy, to purchase the improvements still possibly obtainable at so high a premium, and, if so, is this premium offered in the most advisable shape and manner?

Considering the relative position of the two countries, their commercial relations and their natural advantages, it is perfectly certain that the traffic across the ocean which divides them would not only be performed without the aid of bounties, but would be performed under the stimulus of strong competition. This competition would not indeed legitimately be pushed to the extent of trading without profit. Remuneration would always be looked to as a fair condition of a voyage; but what, it may be asked, would be the probable difference between voyages thus executed under the ordinary incentives of trade, and those performed under the artificial encouragement of bounties? It is for this difference, and nothing more, that our state premiums are now paid; and if 11½ miles an hour could be done at a profit, is it desirable to do 11½ at a loss? Perhaps it may be said that four or five hours' difference in the delivery of a mail may make the difference of peace or war between the two countries, and that we need hardly look beyond the recent crisis for an illustration of the contingency. But would even the mails, on the whole, be carried less expeditiously than at present if the duty were left to the unaided energies of British and American mariners? For it is not to be forgotten that if bounties provide us with one swift line of steamships, they entirely drive all others from the field. If the stimulus of fixed premiums is gained, the stimulus of free competition is lost. No vessel will attempt to run against another which starts with the advantage of a subsidy.

The reader will easily observe that there is a great distinction between bounties thus allotted and the encouragements commonly offered to mechanical or scientific excellence. When premiums were proposed for the best chronometers, we did not contract beforehand to pay an annual stipend to some manufacturing house, but adjudged the reward to the best performance after free competition. In the same way with race-horses and with yachts, there are substantial incentives to excellence, but they do not include special bounties to breeders or builders, although the ordinary stimulus of competition is much weaker in these cases than in that of seagoing steamers. It is hardly clear therefore that our policy in this respect is sound, although, on the other hand, it may be said, perhaps, that more is at stake than mere superiority of speed. The steamers ultimately triumphant, whether British or American, will monopolize the whole traffic of the ocean to and fro, and this traffic it is well worth securing by a bounty to the conquerors. Just as no private speculator could contend with a

salaried company, so no unsubsidized British line could compete with a subsidized American line. The Americans, indeed, say that we were getting the Atlantic to ourselves when a good premium evoked competition on their side of the water, and they now expect that a still better premium will put them in our place. But what is to be the end of such a struggle? Four hours' advantage, more or less, will certainly not decide such a championship, and if, as has been plainly confessed, these four hours have cost an extra quarter of a million a year, what will be the expense of a genuine or permanent victory?

We have thrown out these remarks for public consideration, because it appears to us that experience is going very near towards convicting the country of error in the case before us, and that the two states are approaching the predicament of rival railway companies. At the very period when the room for improvement has become smallest we are rendering ourselves liable to the largest demands. As things now stand, it is scarcely possible, in the absence of any remarkable invention, that the speed of our Atlantic voyages can be materially increased. We may work up our four hours' arrearage, or the Americans, perhaps, may turn this surplus into five, but we hardly see how much more is to be expected. Meantime, the free course of competition is entirely suspended, and, after giving away a quarter of a million a year, we shall be reduced to the necessity of either spending as much more, or submitting in this respect to a disadvantage which will neutralize our bounty altogether.

From the Spectator, 28th August.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.

ON that memorable morning, in March, 1712, when our esteemed namesake, Mr. Spectator, attended Sir Roger de Coverley, at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, to accompany the worthy Knight on a visit to the tombs at Westminster Abbey, he found him undergoing the process of shaving at the hands of his butler. Sir Roger was "no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of Widow Trueby's Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad;" adding, that "he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection; and that he got together a great Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at Dantzick." This notable anti-infection fluid was a distillation of poppies; invented, we presume, by the wealthy Widow Trueby.

It is not a little remarkable that the "Sickness" of last century came by way of Dantzick, even as the cholera comes from that quarter in this our own time; and also that the quack specific spoken of as a counteracting agent should be a weak tincture of opium. The Sickness, like the cholera, came from the dirty parts of the world; and Sir Roger found, no doubt from experience, that the infection required to be repelled far more in the vitiated atmosphere of the town than in the pure air of the country.

Cholera is again threatening Europe, through Poland and West Prussia. The progress of the disease is steady and assured. It appears to decimate one population and pass on to another with a fatal regularity; but its advance, though in certain specific directions, seems to be uncontrollable and capricious, unless we hold that it depends upon the sanitary state of the invaded

districts. We first hear of it in the inferior towns of Poland; then it reaches Warsaw, slaying one day 244 and another 207 persons. The latter number died on the 18th of August, when there were 550 persons severely attacked and 1474 under treatment. In the Duchy of Posen, the epidemic has appeared at Pletschen, Jarocin, Newstadt, Dobrzyca, Klonowo, Philadelphia, where, up to the 18th instant, great numbers had fallen. It is remarkable that in none of the three last-named localities was there any medical man, and that generally the insufficient medical attendance throughout the district had aggravated the evil. Since the 18th, cholera has appeared in various villages on the frontier district of Posen and Poland. It has also entered Silesia, and killed off a contingent in the district of Landsberg; and, to crown all, we find it by the latest accounts at Dirschau, Dantzic, Elbing, and Marienburg.

Detailed observation confirms the inference, therefore, that "the Sickness" of our day is on its way, by the accustomed routes, to the Western parts of Europe and these islands.

Whether cholera is "contagious" or not, is a question which can well afford to wait for the decision of the scientific. It is not very important so far as practical effort in meeting the evil is concerned. For even if it is contagious, and a special morbid agent is portable and capable of transfer from person to person, as the *Globe* is contending at these presents, still cholera patients must be attended, for the withholding of medical attendance would be not only inhuman but impolitic; and belief in contagion should only dictate greater care and the adoption of precautionary measures. It is an incontestable fact, that local impurities and atmospheric corruption at least aggravate the severity of the disease, predispose the frame to it, and are indeed far wider causes than personal contagion. The practical question, therefore, is not whether we may apprehend losses from the contagion of an epidemic, but whether the conditions of our physical social existence are not such as to heighten its severity when it appears. It is evident enough that cholera is not necessarily contagious; and as we improve the conditions of life, so we diminish the probabilities of the spread of the disease.

The cholera is coming—and now is our latest time for preparation. It is already the tenth if not the eleventh hour. An insignificant-looking sentence in the last weekly report of the Registrar-General on the health of London is therefore peculiarly well-timed—

While cholera is in Warsaw, those measures should be carried out which experience has shown cannot be attempted when the epidemic is in London.

"Those measures" are drainage and other hygienic arrangements. Any student of the Registrar's weekly reports must see that an immense proportion of deaths by summer cholera and diarrhoea were directly caused by the foulness of the conditions under which the sufferers lived and breathed. We cannot rebuild London before "the Sickness" shall be reported to have arrived at Mivart's; but we may do something to cleanse it even in that time; and we may prepare to undergo this next visitation with a healthier and more intelligent patience, to be followed, not by talking and pretences of sanitary reform, but by great practical repentance for not having sufficiently obeyed the laws of life in our town polity.

From the Examiner.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Edition. Revised by his Son. 4 vols. Office of Illustrated London Library, 227 Strand.

If poor Hazlitt could have lived till now he would have seen the error of his Napoleon worship. He was the most eloquent and original as well as the most honest of all the contemporary upholders of the imperial system in France. The magnitude of the evils it had overthrown blinded him to the enormities of those it had substituted in their place. Hazlitt saw in Napoleon, and refused to see anything else, the highest representation and embodiment of a revolutionary force to which the older dynasties of kings and emperors were then sinking and succumbing on all sides. It was the hope of a new world without the errors and extravagances of the old which his ardent fancy seemed to see extinguished at Waterloo by the combined governments of Europe. For it was only as a despotism over despots that he admired and honored Napoleon's. Could he have seen the fruit which it has since borne, in facilities offered to the meanest to play the despot over the noblest, he would have thought far differently of it. The shabby caricature set up the other day at the Tuileries, resembling it as a monkey might a man, would have brought him to his senses indeed!

We have need of some such reflections as these to be able to read patiently occasional passages of the book before us. For example, it contains perhaps the first and only account of the battle of Waterloo by an Englishman, in which every sympathy and aspiration of the writer is against the success of his own countrymen on that memorable field. Hear what Hazlitt says at the critical turning of the day—when, in his belief, the victory might be said to have been “gained” by the French!

Bulwag having been repulsed and the cavalry still maintaining itself on the flat, whence its adversaries were driven, the victory might be said to be gained. Joy was in every countenance, and hope in every heart. This sentiment was the more powerful from succeeding the apprehensions which had been felt during the flank attack of a whole army, and that had endangered their retreat for above an hour. At this moment a cannonade was distinctly heard; it came in the direction of Wavres; it was Blücher, and not Grouchy.

The latter, between twelve and one o'clock, was half way between Gembloux and Wavres, where he heard the terrible cannonade of Waterloo, and must know that two great armies were engaged. General Exelmans came up, and addressing the Marshal said, “The emperor is in action with the English army; there can be no doubt of it; a fire so terrible cannot be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field of battle in two hours.” He hesitated, but pleaded his orders to follow Blücher, which he ought to have done the preceding day, and though he did not now know where he was. Count Gerard joined them, and urged the same advice. Still nothing could move him; he remained as if spell-bound. The very fear of what might happen, the magnitude of the occasion, took away the power to avert it. He saw the sun shining above his head, that was no more to behold his country's independence, or the face of freedom; he saw the triumphs, the strug-

gles, the sacrifices of the last five-and-twenty years about to be annulled and made of no account, which it required but one more effort to sanction and confirm forever; the blood that had flowed turned into laughter and scorn; an imbecile monarch forced back on an hereditary throne, like some foul Eastern idol, borne in defiance over the bleeding bodies and the prostrate necks of an abused people; liberty bound hand and foot, afraid to breathe or move, its name henceforth to become a reproach, reviled, suspected, hunted down, and trod into the earth under the hoofs of kings; he saw this done by an English general, vaunting the rights, the glory, and the generosity of his own country; he saw the greatest reputation in modern times about to become a prey to the most shallow and worthless;—

—Saw where an eagle in his pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed;—

He saw or should have seen all this, and could not be prevailed upon to stir a step to prevent it. The very weight and damning sense of consequences, which should cut short all hesitation and compunction, seems, in minds not strong enough to cope with it, to seek relief in idle forms, or in some hollow subterfuge.

We must also quote a characteristic passage in which Hazlitt speaks of Sir Hudson Lowe's meanness, and Napoleon's fears of assassination.

It is a national disease—strong will and want of feeling, which makes us incapable of conceiving how any one can oppose what we think right, or object to the vexations we inflict upon them. An Englishman is a bundle of muscles without nerves. The emperor was however wrong in supposing, as he at one time did, that there was any apprehension of assassination. This would be at once against positive law and natural instinct. We only go as far as extreme obstinacy and extreme infatuation can blind us to the result. But like all obstinate and stupid people, we have strong prejudices which hang by words; and an English government must manage these as well as it can. Lord Castlereagh probably owed his death to the consciousness of having over-stepped this line in one or two instances, and of having made the British public look askance at him in consequence. In our most aggravated wrongs, we ask for a dull, round-about pretext for being in the right. We may bruise or hunt a victim to death—it is consonant to our habits and feelings—but poison or the dagger are not among our ways and means of morality and the public good. We get rid of our greatest enemies by chronic, not by acute remedies.

How like Hazlitt are these little hits interposed—

In 1801, an old woman, living servant with a celebrated poet in Cumberland, had never heard of the French Revolution. The poet himself and his friends seem to have since forgotten that such an event had ever taken place.

Our last extract shall be one which shows what an honest and truthful spirit, what a “hate of hate,” and scorn of everything contemptible or mean, formed after all the base of Hazlitt's passionate and paradoxical support of Napoleon. He is speaking of the Hundred Days.

The people saw well enough that the question was, whether the country should be conquered or free, whether governments came of divine or human origin; and that if they wanted the one, they must have Bonaparte; if the other, the Bourbons. The leaders of the people saw this, but fifty other distinctions with it, which perplexed and distracted their attention from the main question and vital principle, covering

it over like cobwebs, or eating up its sap and pith like the ivy. The Faubourgs saw no alternative between the new and the old government; the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses, that is, the talkers and critics, saw something else between the two (and they had it), namely, their own opinion, whatever it might be. When folly arrives at a certain height, it has its root in equal baseness and want of principle. These high-flown aspirations after Utopian perfection were leagued (almost inseparably) with rank treachery and ranker cowardice. The Parisian speculators and sceptics were not afraid of Bonaparte—they were afraid of the allies. Had he been once more at the head of conquering armies, in possession of absolute power, they would (as they did before) have crouched to him and hailed him as a god; it was because he wanted their assistance and zeal to defend them against the enemy, that they were determined to do nothing to commit themselves irrevocably in the struggle; and that they did everything to thwart, annoy, and discountenance him, that they might have an excuse, in case of their being called upon for any painful sacrifices or exertions, to deliver up both him and themselves with ignominy to the enemy. Every one, therefore, thought this a fit opportunity to give Bonaparte his advice; to cavil, to object, to criticize, to revive old grievances, instead of meeting present exigencies, or warding off future and indelible disgrace. All their resistance to Napoleon really meant that they would not make any very violent resistance to the allies, so that this Roman sternness and independent deportment was only a cover (in case of reverses) for the undisguised and unqualified display of French volatility and national abjectness. It must be confessed that this is in part also the misfortune of the cause. Men in a savage and rude state of society are slaves, because they do not know what liberty is; in a state of civilization and knowledge, they want the courage to defend it. Liberty and independence are also nearly another name for disunion and party-spirit. Those who wish to learn the history of revolutions and reform, have only to read the account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, in *Old Mortality*; where, while the tory cavalry were charging their ranks, the Covenanters were debating about left and right-hand defections. So it was and so it will be, while the nature of things lasts. Three hundred men, willing to be slaves, put implicit faith in and follow their leader, and carry all before them. Three hundred men, determined to think and act for themselves, to give way in nothing, and sacrifice no jot of their opinion as to what is right, while they are disputing and refining, are split into as many different factions as there are persons, and are set upon and bound hand and foot by their adversaries, who will allow them no freedom of opinion at all. This, it should seem, they think a less evil than the other, because men's self-love is sooner brought to submit to a barefaced wrong than voluntarily to sanction the slightest difference of sentiment, which might compromise their own, or by being the next thing to the truth, require all their tenaciousness of principle and purpose to keep the separation clear. The proximity of the one staggers and makes them uneasy; the other their reason despises. The lovers of liberty and reform are the natural victims and the dupes of the slaves of power. For the latter think only of what is, or of what is for their advantage, and cling to it with equal servility and fury; the former are thinking of what is best, though it may be quite hopeless, and their hold of this is less sure and fixed. Reformers, lovers of improvement and innovation, are those in whom the ideal faculty prevails over sense and habit; and this being the case, they will be apt to be satisfied too easily with their own imaginations and opinions; and, provided they can indulge in these, care little about having them realized, of which there is in general small chance. If a certain degree of

good is within their possession or reach, they grow indifferent to it; raise their standard of perfection still higher; become extravagant and fastidious in their ends, to the neglect of all practical means to enforce them; and, like the dog in the fable (the type of this class of philosophers and politicians), constantly lose the substance for the shadow. These persons are, doubtless, useful in their generation; but they are the worst marplots and stumbling-blocks in the way of the accomplishment of their own schemes. They also often play the part of the dog in the manger; and envy and try to supplant those who have shown more practical ability than themselves; and would sooner see the object of their whole lives mangled and made a mockery of, than that it should be guarded by other hands than theirs, or by other means than they approve of.

In conclusion we have only to say that this new and carefully printed edition of a book full of striking passages, eloquent descriptions, and original thoughts, deserves a place in every well-furnished library. It was the last great labor of Hazlitt's life, and could not have been reproduced at a time more apt or opportune than the present.

A WORD IN SEASON has been spoken by Archbishop Whately. In the charge addressed to the clergy of the diocese of Dublin, at his annual visitation, the archbishop directed their attention principally to what has been called "papal aggression." Dr. Whately's views are characterized alike by profound philosophical truth and a pure spiritual devotion. He showed of how little avail the Ecclesiastical Titles Act had been, except as a source of irritation; and pointed out that the evil against which it was directed, however formidable as a symptom, was of little consequence in itself. He enforced the important truth that it is not to legislative enactments that men are to look for securities for their faith, but to their own earnest and unremitting vigilance. He attributed the stationary or receding condition of the Reformation for nearly three centuries less to the efforts of the Church of Rome than to the remissness of Protestants. From these topics he proceeded to expatiate on the compatibility of mutual tolerance with earnest assertion of individual convictions, and upon true Christian unity, springing not from external laws or compacts, but from an internal spirit of truthfulness and charity. The whole address is instinct with an elevated and affectionate spirit. It is, indeed, the voice of a reformer that we hear—of one who aims at making men wiser and better, and relies upon the sole agency of simple veracity and Christian love. At this time of renewed sectarian tumult it is like oil poured on the stormy waves. It contrasts beautifully with the Wiseman petulantcies on the one side, and with the splenetic trickiness of the Durham Letter on the other.—*Spectator*, 31 July.

CATERPILLAR FUNGUS.—On the subject of fungi; of all the strange fungi that I ever met with—not excepting the luminous toadstool of Australia, by which you may see to shave yourself at midnight—the vegetable caterpillar, whereof I saw several specimens, found in this district, is the most strange. I believe the insect is, at one stage of its existence, a large gray moth; at another, it becomes a caterpillar. When tired of a somewhat dull life, it buries itself in the earth, and after death assumes a fungous form, or at least there springs from its skeleton a fungous excrescence like a bulrush, which pierces and rises several inches above the ground.—*Our Antipodes*, by Colonel Mundy.

From Tail's Magazine.

A DAY WITH A LION.

A FEW years ago, while residing at the Cape, I became acquainted with several of those enterprising traders who are engaged in the lucrative, but rather hazardous traffic with the natives north of the Orange river. These traders are sometimes absent for more than two years from the colony, moving about with their wagons and servants, from one tribe to another, until their goods are all disposed of, when they return to Graham's Town or Cape Town with the cattle, hides, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other valuables, into which their original merchandise has been converted, usually at a profit of some four or five hundred per cent. Most of those traders whom I knew in Cape Town confined their operations to the country lying along the western coast of the continent, and stretching from the Orange river towards the Portuguese possessions in Benguela. Some of them had advanced on that side nearly to the great lake which has since been discovered by travellers proceeding from another quarter. The existence of this lake is well known to the natives inhabiting the western coast, who have often spoken of it to their English visitors.

One of the boldest and most successful of these adventurous traders, was a Mr. Hutton, a respectable English colonist, who had accumulated a small fortune by his excursions among the Namaquas and the Dammaras, and was talking of retiring from the business. I had heard of him not only as a lucky dealer and a daring hunter, but also as being one of the most intelligent explorers of South Africa; and, having been able on one occasion to render him a slight service, I obtained from him in return a good deal of information concerning those parts of the interior with which he was familiar. Some of his own adventures which he occasionally related, in illustration of the facts thus communicated, seemed to me to be curious and interesting enough to be worth preserving. One of them I will endeavor to repeat as nearly as possible in the words in which he told it.

It may be as well, before proceeding with the narrative, to mention briefly the circumstances which drew from Mr. Hutton the account of this singular adventure. The service which I had rendered to him consisted merely in obtaining from the authorities, by proper representations, the liberation of a Namaqua servant, whom he had brought to town with him from the country beyond the Orange river. This dusky youth was in appearance and in character a genuine Hottentot. He had the small stature, the tawny complexion, the deep-set eyes, the diminutive nose, the wide and prominent cheekbones, and the curiously tufted hair which distinguish that peculiar race. He was usually silent, grave, and somewhat sullen in mood, except when he was excited by strong liquor, of which, like most of his compatriots, he was immoderately fond. In this state Apollo (as he was preposterously named) became not only lively and boisterous, but excessively pugnacious. The latter quality brought him frequently into collision with some of the saucy and knowing blacks of Cape Town, who found the same malicious pleasure in teasing the poor Namaqua, that town-bred youngsters in a London school evince in annoying any rustic newcomer. It was in consequence of an affair of this sort, that poor, half-muddled Apollo, after a desperate combat with a gigantic Mozambique "ap-

prentice," had one day been bundled off by the police to the lock-up house; and his master, who was hardly more familiar than Apollo himself with the ways of the town, came to me to ask my advice and assistance towards getting the unlucky Namaqua released. There was little difficulty in accomplishing this, when the circumstances were properly explained to the presiding functionary; and Apollo, after a few hours' detention in the "trunk" (or city jail), was restored to his master in a sober and very penitent condition.

I was somewhat surprised by the evidences of strong anxiety and even affection displayed by Mr. Hutton for his uncouth *protégé* in this affair. The latter had certainly nothing in his appearance or ways which could be considered prepossessing. He had indeed the grace to evince some attachment for his master; but otherwise his mental and moral traits did not appear to be more attractive than his physiognomy. I had heard that Mr. Hutton, in spite of his reputation as a keen trader and an ardent hunter, was an upright and kind-hearted man; and I concluded that Master Apollo had probably been entrusted by his parents to the trader, with a solemn promise that their precious treasures should be restored to them unscathed; and no doubt Mr. Hutton's solicitude proceeded from his conscientious anxiety to keep his engagement.

He called upon me that evening, to thank me for my attention to his wishes. In the course of our conversation, I casually remarked that Apollo must be a good servant to have inspired his master with such a feeling of regard for him.

"I ought to care for him," answered Mr. Hutton, "since he saved my life."

This reply led, of course, to further questioning, and finally elicited from the trader the narrative which struck me as so remarkable.

"I picked up Apollo about ten years ago," he said, "on the north bank of the Orange river. He was then a child, not more, I should say, than ten or twelve years old; though you never can judge accurately of the ages of these natives. I found him all alone, and half dead with fever, under a little shelter of boughs and grass, where his people had left him when he was taken ill. They almost always desert their sick people and decrepit relations in that way. It is a shocking custom, and I think it is about the worst part of their character; for, in other respects, I must say, they are not altogether so bad as some travellers would make them out to be. I put the little fellow in one of my wagons, and dosed him with quinine and other medicines; and in a few days he was running about as well and lively as ever. He told me that his name was Tkuetkue, or some other such crack-jaw affair, with two or three clucks in it, that I would not attempt to pronounce. So, thinking it best to give him a *Christian* name, I called him Apollo in compliment to his good looks. He has remained with me ever since, and has always shown himself attached to me in his own way. He is a real savage still. No one but myself can control him; and he generally obeys my orders as long as he can remember them, which is seldom more than a day. But I cannot make him a teetotaler or a man of peace, although I believe I have set him a fair example in both those lines. He will drink whenever he can get the liquor; and when he is excited by drink or provocation he will fight like a mad tiger. Otherwise he is an honest, faithful fellow, and the best after-rider I ever had. An after-rider, you know, is the name

given to the Hottentot or black boy who rides with you, and carries your spare gun and ammunition, and sometimes heads off the game, or assists you in any other way, as you order him."

I knew what an after-rider was, but I was curious to hear how Apollo had been able to render his master the great service spoken of. It seemed that in the first instance he had owed his own life to Mr. Hutton's kindness.

"Probably he did," answered Hutton, "although if I had not found him he might have recovered. These Namaquas and Hottentots have wonderfully tough constitutions; it takes a deal of sickness or starvation to kill them. But the other affair took place about four years ago, and if you care to hear the story, I have no objection to repeat it. I have told it often for the credit of my friend Apollo.

"I was on my way to Dammara-land with two wagons and about a dozen people. Two of them were Mozambique blacks, whom I had brought with me from Cape Town, and the remainder were Hottentots and Namaquas that I had picked up on the way. Most of them I got at old Schmelen's missionary station, on this side the Orange river. The two negroes were tolerably good servants; they had gained some knowledge of civilized habits in Cape Town. The others could do little besides helping to drive the wagons; though sometimes they were of service in following 'spoor'—traces of game, you know. They knew the country well, and by keeping a pretty sharp eye upon them I was able to make them useful. In tracking game, as I said, they sometimes rendered good service; but they were great cowards, and though some of them could handle fire-arms tolerably well, I never could get them to face any dangerous animal, such as a buffalo or a rhinoceros, and least of all a lion, with any steadiness. I shot two or three rhinoceroses with little support from any of them, except Apollo, who always stood by me like a Trojan, though his teeth sometimes chattered, and his eyes became like saucers, as we approached the enemy.

"One afternoon," continued Hutton, "I outspanned near a pool, where many animals of different sorts came at night to drink. We could see their tracks all about the margin. The Namaquas knew the place well, and urged me to encamp at a little distance off, saying that the lions were 'al te kwaad,' or very angry, in that region; and that if we rested near the water we should be very likely to lose some of our oxen, and might perhaps be ourselves attacked. For it is a curious fact that when a lion has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire a curious relish for it, and will leave all other game untouched if he has a chance of seizing upon a man. I did not wish to run any risk, so far as my people, or my oxen either, were concerned; and so, after making them all drink heartily, I drove off to a distance of about two miles, and outspanned in a small valley, out of sight from the pool. We kindled a large fire to keep off any wild beasts that might be prowling about, and then turned the oxen loose to pick up what little herbage they could find among the rocks about us. For myself, I felt a strong desire to have a shot at a lion. I had not bagged one for more than three years. In fact, I had been unlucky in two or three long shots, and began to fear that I should get out of practice in that sort of sport, which requires good nerves and experience

more than anything else. I asked four or five of my best men, including Apollo, if they would watch with me at the pool, that night, for lions. Three of them consented, and we left the others with the wagons, with strict injunctions to keep the fire burning, and not to let the oxen stray to a distance. We reached the water just at sunset, and set to work at once, with the spades and hoes which we had brought with us, to dig a hole in the sand three or four feet deep, about twenty yards from the pool. In about an hour we finished our hiding-place, throwing up the earth about it so as to conceal us still better from the sight of the wild animals. We then settled ourselves comfortably in the trench, and lay there with our guns in readiness, waiting for the lions.

"We stayed there all night to no purpose. A good many animals came down to drink, but no lions. There were springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and some other creatures, but we did not waste our ammunition upon them, as we were in no want of meat; and, besides, a single shot would have alarmed the lions, and prevented them from approaching the water. However, as it happened, we fared no better for keeping quiet; and soon after dawn we came out of our grave, stiff, sleepy, and sulky, without having had a glimpse of a lion, though we had heard them roaring in the distance. They had probably been attracted by our wagons and oxen; for they were prowling about them all night, as we afterwards learned. The people whom we had left with them were in mortal terror, but had sense enough to keep up a good blaze. The oxen, in their fright, crowded almost into the fire, and by good luck the lions did not venture to attack them.

"I now gave up all hope of meeting the game I had come out for; but I was determined not to return to the wagons without something to show for our night's watching. We had gone but a few rods from the pool when a small herd of springboks came bounding through a thicket of thorn-trees just in front of us. They ran and leaped as though something had frightened them; but without waiting to see what it was, I fired both barrels in among them, and knocked over one of the largest. My men all blazed away at the same time, and without the smallest effect. I had just taken my gun from my shoulder, when an enormous lion walked out of the thicket, and came slowly towards us. He was not more than thirty yards off, and there was no time to reload. I was taken so completely by surprise that for the first few seconds I stood quite motionless, and uncertain what to do. But I then saw that there was but one course for us. When a party of natives go out with their assagais and knives to take a lion, as they sometimes do, their custom is, when they see the lion approaching, to sit down on the ground in a cluster. The lion, if he is in a fighting mood, singles out one of them, and pounces upon him. Sometimes the unlucky man is killed at once by the first grip of the lion's teeth and claws; but more often he only receives severe hurt. Then the other natives throw themselves altogether upon the animal; some seize his tail and lift him up, which prevents him from turning upon them, while others stab him with their assagais, and cut him with their knives; and frequently they manage to kill him without any loss of life in their party. But sometimes the victory is on the other side; the lion kills two or three of the natives, and the rest take to their heels. It seemed

to me just possible that by sitting down together, and showing a bold front, we might intimidate the lion, and prevent him from attacking us until I had time to reload. I called out loudly, 'Sit! sit!' and knelt down myself on one knee at the same moment, preparing to reload, if there should be time. But casting a hasty glance around, I saw that all three of my men had taken themselves off at full speed as soon as the lion appeared, and were already half way to the hill, which was just on this side of the wagons. Apollo had started with the rest; but he told me afterwards, and I have no doubt with truth, that he thought I was running also; only, not being so light-footed as they were, I could not be expected to keep up with them. As the poor fellow did not dare to look round, he did not discover his mistake until they reached the wagons.

"In this way I was left alone, to face the lion. It was useless then for me to run. If I had started with the Namaquas he would have had one of us, and most probably myself, before we had gone fifty yards. My gun was discharged; and, while we were digging the trench, I had given my hunting-knife, which incommoded me, to Apollo; so that I was at that moment completely disarmed. I gave myself up for lost, as a matter of course; and, as I was kneeling there, I just said, 'God help my poor wife and children,' and waited for the lion to spring. But the fellow did not seem to be in any hurry. He came slowly up, slackening his pace by degrees; and at last, when he was about twelve feet off, he stopped and sat down on the ground like a cat, looking me full in the face. I sat down also, and looked at him in return; fixing my eyes upon his, and staring as hard as I could. When I was at school, I had read that the lower animals could not endure the steady gaze of a man; and although I cannot say that my own experience had ever confirmed this opinion, it occurred to me to make the trial with the lion. But I really don't think it had much effect upon him. Now-and-then he would shut his eyes, or look round to one side or the other, but that was all. Presently he lay down, with his paws drawn up under him, and his head resting on the ground, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. At the same time he kept occasionally licking his lips, as though he had just finished a meal. I saw at once what the rascal's intention was. He had just been feasting on some animal he had killed, very likely a springbok, and was not hungry. But he had made up his mind to have me for his next meal; and as lions like their food fresh killed, the scoundrel was keeping me until he had digested his breakfast. Wasn't that an agreeable predicament for a Christian man, as the boers say!"

There was no denying that it was a terrible situation indeed. But I had read, in some missionary work, of a Hottentot who was kept prisoner by a lion in a similar way, and was watched steadily by him for a whole day; but at night, if I remembered rightly, the Hottentot was overcome by exhaustion and went to sleep, and when he awoke the lion was gone.

"Yes," replied the trader, "I have heard of the story. The Hottentot was a lucky fellow. You see, a lion, in his disposition and habits, is nothing more or less than a great cat. Some people speak of the lion's magnanimity, and ascribe some noble qualities to the beast; but that is all nonsense. When a lion is not hungry, if he meets with game he will frequently pass it by

without notice. He will seldom kill it out of mere wantonness and cruelty; but neither will a cat, unless it has been taught to do so. A cat, when it is not hungry, will sometimes play with a mouse; that, you would think, must be from a cruel disposition; but, in reality, it is only keeping the creature alive for its next meal. Now, this is exactly what the lion sometimes does, and particularly one that has tasted human flesh; so the natives, at least, will tell you. The natives say that, in such a case, the lion usually waits for the man to go to sleep, and then watches him till he begins to move and shows signs of awaking, when he pounces upon him. In the case of the Hottentot, the lion must have been frightened away by something that occurred while the man was asleep. For myself, I did not doubt that the creature was watching me with the intention of waiting until I should fall asleep from exhaustion, and then springing upon me at the first movement I made. I was safe, I thought, so long as I could keep my eyes open; but if I went to sleep, I should certainly awake in the lion's jaws."

There was something so peculiarly frightful, as well as unexpected, in the picture thus conveyed, that I could not restrain a shudder and an exclamation of horror.

"Oh don't be alarmed on my account," said Hutton, with a laugh. "You see I am here all alive and whole. I only want you to understand what the danger really was before I tell you how I escaped. You know I had been up all night, and was tolerably hungry and tired. I had brought a flask full of water with me, and had just emptied it that morning; so that, by good luck, I was not at all thirsty. But for that, I do not know how I should have been able to hold out through the day. The sun came up bright and clear, as it usually is in those deserts, with a blaze of heat, which was reflected from the sand about me until it seemed to burn my skin. I had a broad-brimmed felt hat, with ostrich-feathers round it, which warded off the direct rays; but still I think I never felt the sun more oppressive; perhaps it was because I was weak from fasting and want of rest. Still, I kept my self-possession, and was constantly on the watch to take advantage of any opportunity for escape. There was just a chance that my men might muster courage enough to come down in a body to my relief; but I believed them to be too chicken-hearted to approach within a quarter of a mile of a lion, and besides, there was the probability that the brute, if he should see them approaching, would spring upon me, and put me out of suspense at once."

I asked if he did not try to load his gun.

"Of course I did," he answered; "but, at the first motion I made, the old scoundrel lifted his head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that, my boy, or if you do—!' If I had persisted it is clear that he would have been upon me before the powder was in the barrel. He was a huge old fellow—I think the largest lion I ever saw; with a long grizzled mane, and very knowing look. These experienced old lions are amazingly cunning. He knew perfectly well that my gun was a weapon of some kind or other; and I have no doubt he knew, too, of my people being in the neighborhood; for every now and then he would look sharply in the direction of the wagons. On such occasions I could feel my heart beat violently, and the perspiration would start to my skin."

And no wonder! But did the lion, I asked, remain perfectly quiet through the whole day?

"No; unluckily he did not," answered the trader. "His restlessness kept me in constant anxiety. Once a troop of zebras came suddenly by us. When they saw the lion they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off furiously in another direction. The lion rose to his feet in an instant, turned half round, and looked hard at them. Lions are particularly fond of the flesh of the zebra, and I had strong hopes that he would leave me, and go off after them. But I suppose the cunning rascal reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; for he turned back and lay down again, grumbling, and staring harder than ever at me, as though he meant to say, 'You see, my fine fellow, I have lost a zebra through you; and now I mean to make sure of you.' You may believe that in my heart I bestowed a few witch's blessings on the beast; but I thought it best to keep silence.

The next alarm came from the direction of my wagons. I saw the lion look earnestly in that direction, as he had done once or twice before, and then rise to his feet, and utter an angry growl, drawing back his lips and showing his teeth, as though he saw something that did not please him. I learned afterwards that my men, urged on by Apollo, had armed themselves to the teeth, and advanced to the top of the hill. Standing there, with their wonderfully keen sight, they could perceive the lion keeping guard over me; but no sooner did they see the brute rise and turn towards them than they all scampered back to the wagons, and jumped into them, frightened almost out of their wits. After a little while, the lion crouched down again before me, stretched out his paws, yawned and winked, and I thought seemed to be growing tired of his watch. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to remain there till night, otherwise he would have settled my account without further delay."

I may observe, that the calm indifference with which Mr. Hutton had thus far told this singular story was calculated to make a very peculiar impression upon a listener—half of wonder and half of amusement. He spoke, in fact, in the same quaint and cool manner in which an old soldier relates the history of a battle, or a mariner tells of the shipwrecks which he has experienced.

"Towards evening," he continued, "I heard a low roaring, which seemed to be at a great distance. It appeared to disturb my lion a good deal. From the sound I knew it to be the roar of a lioness; and I thought it likely that the old fellow's mate was looking about for him. He got up and lay down again, two or three times, moving about uneasily, and sniffing the ground, as though he was troubled in his mind; but he remained silent, and at last the voice of the lioness passed gradually out of hearing. This, I think, was the most anxious moment of the whole day to me. For if the lion had answered his mate, and called her to him, she would most likely have been hungry, and in that case would not have delayed an instant in seizing the nice supper which her husband was keeping for himself. I dare say the cunning old rascal was of the same opinion, and so thought it best to keep his own counsel.

"At last the night came. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. I could see objects indistinctly at a little distance, and could just discern the outlines of the hills to the eastward.

The lion lay quiet, in a shaggy mass, a few yards from me. I knew that he was wide awake, and that he saw distinctly every motion I made. Occasionally I could see his eyes turned towards me, shining like two coals of fire. My last hope now was that, by remaining perfectly silent and motionless, I might tire him out, or keep him from attacking me until something happened, as in the case of the Hottentot we were speaking of, to draw him off. For this purpose it was necessary that I should remain awake, and this was really a matter of the greatest difficulty to me. I was completely worn out, as you may imagine, after being forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and my mind most of the time wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety. The night was chilly, which alone would have caused me to feel sleepy. Everything about me was as silent as the grave, and I had to make continual efforts to keep my eyelids open. Every now and then I caught myself nodding, and would awaken with a sudden start of terror, at the thought that the lion might be just preparing to spring upon me. That was really a horrid time. I hardly like to think of it even now. I was like a condemned prisoner who awakes from a nightmare to remember that he is to be executed in a few hours. I don't think I could have held out in that condition through the night. It was too much for human nature."

Here the trader paused for a moment, looking serious and absorbed, like a man who has painful recollections recalled to his mind. But he presently roused himself, and proceeded with his story.

"Two or three hours after the darkness had set in, I could hear the animals coming to the water to drink. Some of them passed at a little distance from me, but I did not get a sight of any. The lion saw them plainly, but he only moved his head a little as they trotted by. There was no chance of his leaving me and going after them, as I had hoped. All at once, he lifted his head, looked towards me, and began to growl. 'Now,' I thought, 'the time is come.' He rose on his feet, and growled louder, all the while looking hard at me, as I thought. I braced myself up for a struggle, with my gun in my left hand and my handkerchief in my right. I had a notion of endeavoring to thrust the gun crosswise into his mouth, and then getting my right hand down his throat. It was a very poor chance, but the only one left, and I meant to die game. In fact, I had given up all hope. But in a few minutes the lion, to my surprise, became quiet again, and sat down; he did not lie down as before, but kept his head stretched forward towards me, like a cat intently examining some object. At last he lay down again, as though he was satisfied about the matter that had disturbed him. But, in another ten minutes or so, he rose up once more to his feet, and growled more ferociously than ever. It struck me then that another lion might be cautiously approaching me behind, and that my particular friend was objecting to any division of the spoil. If this were the case, my fate would soon be settled. Then I thought it just possible that my men might be making some attempt to save me, under cover of the darkness; but there was little likelihood of their mustering courage enough to do anything effectual. I was now fully awake, as you may suppose. The lion was standing up, growling continually, and moving from side to side, as if he felt uncertain what to do. At last he crouched,

and I saw clearly that he was getting ready for a spring. At that moment I heard a loud yell behind me, and saw everything around lighted up by a blaze of fire. The yell was kept up constantly for a minute or two, and all at once somebody, looking as though his head and shoulders were all in a blaze, came running in between me and the lion. The brute gave a tremendous roar, more in fright than in anger, and went bounding off into the darkness. I then saw that the person with the fire was Apollo himself. The blaze had gone out, but the little fellow had two or three lighted brands in each hand, and was flourishing them about his head, and dancing and whirling round, in a frantic way, like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed more like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word that I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming. 'The great beast will come back! Load the gun!'

"This was good advice, and I followed it as quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded up, we moved off towards the wagons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with a frying-pan on his head, and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman, to scare the wild beasts. We got safely to the outspan place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he had managed the affair, which was still a mystery to me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned, but their hearts failed them. At night Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gunpowder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly; over this he placed some straw which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brushwood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the wagons after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled towards me so slowly and cautiously that the lion did not observe him until he was

within about a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling. Apollo said that when he heard it his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still, until the lion became quiet, and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along on the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two at every yard he made. At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon, and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head, and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once. So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Namaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton. "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account to settle with the rascal for the horrid torture I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was evidently a 'man-eater,' it would not have done to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together, with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes. Johnson happened to be nearest to him, and bowled him over at a long shot. A capital shot it was too; the ball went in behind the right shoulder and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest, that I have ever spent in all my life."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The overweening ambition of the French president appears to shoot beyond the setting up of a mere temporal kingdom for himself, to the establishment of a theocracy. Louis Napoleon ordains that the great national holiday of the year shall be the saint's-day of his uncle; and in solemnizing it, on Sunday last, along with other imposing agencies, he availed himself of the gorgeous superstitions of the Romish Church; military displays, illuminations and fireworks, and the ceremonies of high mass, were so skilfully blended, that spectators, dazzled with light and drunken with frankincense, lost the power of discriminating between Napoleon the saint and Napoleon the emperor. Their imaginations began to manufacture one mythical personage out of those two dissimilar characters, and to attribute a share in their sanctity to all members of the family. This attempted apotheosis of the emperor has been compared to the

deification of Julius Caesar by Augustus; it more resembles the attribution of a sacred as well as a royal character to the reigning families of Russia and China. This retrograde movement towards the hierarchical juggling of barbarous ages, is passing strange in the land—we will not say of Voltaire, but of Pascal. The spectacle, however, is not without its uses. As in the missionary operations in the Pacific, we may see in a manner with our own eyes the living presentment of the first dissemination of Christianity among our barbarous ancestors, so in the fêtes of Louis Napoleon we may see how hierarchical dynasties were founded in old Egypt and Babylon. In particular, we may see of what unworthy materials the human gods of old times might be made. The reflex glories of the composite warrior and saint Napoleon are made to gild the hero of Boulogne and Strasbourg and roué of London.—*Spectator*, 21 Aug.

From the Times, 26 Aug.

THE LOBOS ISLANDS.

A FEW months ago, application was made to the Foreign Office, on the part of certain merchants of this country, for information respecting the territorial sovereignty of the Lobos Islands. These desolate and uninhabitable rocks, rising from the South Pacific at a distance in one case of 15, and in the other of 40, miles from the coast of Peru, became suddenly invested with an extraordinary value by the increasing use of guano. Their otherwise unproductive surface was found to be covered with thick layers of this precious manure, and, as no vestiges of human occupation were discernible on their shores, it was naturally inquired whether the rights of possession were vested by the principles of public law in any particular State, or whether the deposits were not the common property of all who chose to seek them. The rights in question were claimed by the Republic of Peru on the grounds of contiguity, recognized dominion, and such a species of occupancy as circumstances permitted. These grounds will be found exemplified more plainly as we proceed, but the foreign secretary, after due consideration of the case, returned for answer to the applicants aforesaid that the Peruvian title appeared *prima facie* to be valid, and that consequently, "however advantageous it might be to Great Britain to appropriate these islands or declare them common property, it was impossible for her majesty's government to violate international law for national interest."

About the same time, or a little later, a similar application was made in the United States by James C. Jewett, captain of a trading vessel, who, on behalf of his fellow-citizens of New York, requested Mr. Webster to furnish him with similar information, in satisfaction of similar curiosity. Mr. Webster replied to Captain Jewett by a communication which, for "important," though unspecified, reasons, he desired should be kept private, but which, either in the American view of confidential intercourse or from some relaxation of the conditions originally imposed, has been published at full length in the New York journals. In this letter the secretary states that "his department was not aware that the Lobos Islands were either discovered or occupied by Spain or Peru, or that the guano on them had ever been used for manure on the adjacent coast or elsewhere. Their distance," he adds, "from the continent is five or six times greater than is necessary to make them a dependency thereof pursuant to the public law;" and he proceeds to suggest that, "on the other hand, it is *quite probable* that Benjamin Morell, junr., who, as master of the schooner Wasp, of New York, visited these islands in September, 1822, may justly claim to have been their discoverer." "Under these circumstances," continues Mr. Webster, "it may be the duty of this government to protect citizens of the United States who may visit the Lobos Islands for the sake of obtaining guano;" which "duty," he observes, "will be the more apparent when it is considered that the consumers in this country might probably obtain it for half the price they now pay, were it not for the charges of the Peruvian government."

The reader will hardly fail to remark how accurately this concluding "consideration" coincides with that which induced the same statesman to defend the encroachments of New England fishermen upon waters not their own; but the whole

communication is characterized by such laxity of political argument, that it would have been more conducive to Mr. Webster's reputation if the privacy originally bespoken for it had been more rigorously observed. Two grounds are notified by the American Secretary as warranting the traders of the United States in taking guano from the Lobos Islands without paying for it. One of these—that of prior discovery—we may very briefly dismiss; for, not to dwell on the ludicrous assumption that lands within 40 miles of a well-known coast, in a well-frequented sea, should have remained undetected till the days of George IV., it is very clear that "Benjamin Morell, junr." can have little credit for introducing the world to islands which were set down in common maps under their Spanish names for many years before he was born. Nor is the other argument much stronger. Mr. Webster simply remarks in depreciation of the Peruvian claim, that his department was "not aware" of any circumstances constituting its validity. Perhaps not; but, as few departments have the advantage of omniscience, it would surely not have been injudicious to have instituted some inquiries before proceeding on this negative evidence to demolish the property of an independent State in its own alleged possessions. There was incontestably a *prima facie* case in favor of the Peruvian government, as inheritor of the Spanish dominion. These islands lay off its own coasts, they were called by descriptive Spanish names (Lobos de Tierra and Lobos Afuera,—the Hither and the Further Lobos), they had never been claimed by any other State, and they had experienced precisely that amount of occupation which the nature of things suggested, being neglected while their contents were unknown, and guarded when the time came for appreciation. In point of fact, the Peruvians had exercised indisputable acts of sovereignty many years ago. They had warned off foreign vessels as early as 1833, and had taken careful surveys and admeasurements of their animal treasures in 1847. In the interval, more than one British vessel had been seized for trespass, and the seizure had been allowed.

At this moment, however, a strange elucidation has been offered in the United States of the contrast thus furnished between American and British policy. It has been plainly declared that, in forbearing to substitute might for right on the Lobos Islets, England has been only circuitously promoting her own pecuniary interests. Englishmen, it is said, are Peruvian bondholders to a large extent; the proceeds of the guano exports are assigned in liquidation of these bonds; and thus, under pretensions of disinterested respect for national rights, England has secured her own indemnification in an ill-looking bargain, and has increased the resources of her own paymasters by aiding them in the creation of a lucrative monopoly. In this charitable view of the transaction, the claims of Peru to the territory in question are described as an "unlawful usurpation," and the acknowledgment of our government as a "selfish connivance;" Mr. Webster's communication to Captain Jewett is termed "clear and conclusive" as to the availability of the Lobos guano deposits; England is quietly identified with Peru, and the whole proceedings are considered as presenting "another speck of war."

We really did not imagine that any writers, not being true-born British Protectionists, would ever have ventured to insinuate that the agriculturists

of the United Kingdom had been remorselessly sacrificed in their very dearest interests to a knot of "bullionists" in the shape of Peruvian bondholders. The assertion that, for the sake of sending up South American scrip, we have foregone a gratuitous supply of the most precious article of modern commerce, is so prodigiously perverse, that, if it had not been directed against the farmers' own administration, we should have searched for its origin in the columns of an eccentric contemporary. This ingenious conception, however, we remit to its owners, observing simply, on the present occasion, that the "speck of war" discernible to American eyes has certainly no reference to this country in particular. The claims of the Peruvian government are, at any rate, so far conformable to apparent facts as to have hitherto obtained from foreign States a recognition suspending all interference on the part of their subjects. If the United States, on no better ground than that of confessed ignorance, set aside these claims with the strong hand, the occurrence will, of course, suggest its own reflections to all who are interested in the maintenance of national rights and public law; but those who remember the measure dealt out to Spanish bondholders will not expect the sword to be drawn for the creditors of Peru. The question is not one of concerted monopolies or reciprocal engagements, but of ascertainable right and international honesty. We cannot regret that one South American State out of a dozen has at length put itself in a way of liquidating its just debts; but it must be plain to all, except the wilfully blind, that no country would gain as much as Great Britain from the opening of the guano islands to the world.

From the Times, 19 Aug.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

ACCORDING to the communications imparted to the public through the medium of ministerial journals, we are to understand, it appears, that the question of the fisheries has been satisfactorily disposed of by negotiation and agreement. The terms of the new convention provide, it seems, for what is termed "absolute reciprocity," or, in other words, British waters are to be open to American fishermen, and American waters to British fishermen, with no further reserve than that of the three miles coast-border, which neither of the contracting parties could with any prudence forego. These stipulations are characterized by the organs of the government as both "simple" and "equitable." We are not much concerned to gainsay the description, but we think the public will coincide with us in opinion that an arrangement of such liberality must have been conducted with extraordinary unskillfulness to have produced a menace of embroilment. In point of fact, we have been verging on something like a rupture with the United States in the very process of conceding the point of dispute between us.

The only subject of discussion suggested by the treaty which has hitherto regulated our proceedings was supplied, as the reader knows, by the variety of interpretation given to the word "bay." The Americans never asserted that they possessed or were entitled to possess the right of fishing within three miles of our shores. They stipulated only for the liberty of entering such bays as contained fishing-grounds more than three miles distant from any point of the coast, and, if this liberty had been formally, as it was practically,

admitted, there would have been no dispute whatever respecting the convention of 1818. We do not say that the British government was otherwise than justified in its interpretation of the article in question; on the contrary, we have shown sufficient reason for maintaining such to be the only true and literal construction of the agreement. There existed, however, many and obvious motives for relaxing in favor of the American remonstrants a right which was somewhat invidiously derived, and which was productive of more risk than advantage; but, when it had been once decided to make this concession, it does appear remarkably strange that measures should have been so arranged as to bring at least the opinion of the two States into temporary collision. The Americans, it seems, are to be indulged in their own interpretation of the word "bays;" that is to say, the only point in dispute is to be given entirely in their favor, and yet we know that observations of the most unfriendly character have been made in Congress, and ships-of-war despatched to a certain rendezvous, with general misgivings of a possible rupture.

On an impartial review of these proceedings, though we are disposed to suspect Mr. Webster of considerable insincerity, we cannot acquit Her Majesty's government of very false statesmanship. The decision which is now announced must either have been originally contemplated, or induced by circumstances transpiring in the course of the transaction. The former supposition would be the more charitable of the two, but we find it hard to be reconciled either with the presumptive policy of the administration or with the tenor of documentary evidence. It certainly could never have been expected that a government committed to at least the theory of colonial protection should promptly concede to a foreign State, against the notorious demands of our colonies, a point which even Free-trade Administration had never definitely surrendered. Still less could it be conceived, when Sir John Pakington announced his intention of removing *all* ground of colonial complaint, that his views included the abandonment of the privilege for the maintenance of which the colonists had successfully petitioned Lord Stanley seven short years ago. That such abandonment, broadly speaking, might be a judicious stroke of policy we do not deny; but, considering what were the known desires of our North American fellow-subjects, and what the professed disposition of Lord Derby's government towards them, we do not see how a movement declared to be made in their interests could ever have been expected to result in a surrender of the very point which they were eager to defend. The colonists had always entreated that the fishermen of the States might not only be kept at a distance from their shores, but excluded from their bays. A new colonial secretary advertises his intention of at length removing all their grounds of complaint, despatches a naval force for this purpose, incenses the people of the Union, and then brings the question to what is called a simple, equitable, and satisfactory termination, by agreeing that the Americans shall be at liberty to enter the said bays, according to their claim. If this is "statesmanship," there are evidently some faculties of administration ranking a good deal higher.

If at the date of Sir John Pakington's first despatch it had been determined that the question of the bay fishing should be resolved in favor of the Americans, it was scarcely competent to the government to take such credit with the colonies for its protective disposition, and surely not a little in-

judicious to employ such expressions as permitted the Americans to assume and improve the very conclusion which it had been resolved to forego. Our pretensions to an exclusive property in the colonial bays, however justified by letter or tradition, were so obnoxious in character, and so indefinite in practice, that an intimation of enforcing them was liable to be very invidiously represented in the States of the Union. Use and sufferance had created, if not legal rights, at least such considerable interests that the facts could not be overlooked, and, though we were not perhaps called upon to tender a gratuitous relinquishment of our claims, we might at least have so ordered matters that the American government should have had no opportunity of charging us with intentions which we never entertained. The transaction, however, was so conducted that for some weeks together it was the universal impression in America that Great Britain contemplated the enforcement of the treaty of 1818 in respect to the fishing-grounds of the bays. The misconception was clearly not confined to Mr. Webster, nor to those whom he addressed. It prevailed in every State, in Congress, and even in the cabinet of Washington; for, although President Fillmore may not have participated in the whole policy of his Secretary of State, it is plain, from the despatch of vessels to the fishing-grounds, and from the activity of the dockyards, that the Supreme Government of the Union foresees the possibility of difficulties from this strangely managed concession. Surely, if the Americans were to be indulged in the only point they could dispute, the favor might have been so bestowed as to improve, rather than disturb, our relations, and enable us without trouble to place in somewhat better security rights which had never been contested, though sometimes infringed.

The original error resided in the complexion given to the despatches by which the intentions of government were conveyed to those concerned. The colonists were addressed as if active measures were at length to be adopted for the preservation of their privileges, and the American government received information of the facts in a note which gave not the slightest intimation that our interference would be limited to those points only which were not and never had been disputed. A demonstration was made in favor of Protection, and credit was taken with the colonists for such unwonted attention to their interests; but the consequence was, that we have been exposed to serious misrepresentations, though all the while the propositions imputed to us were never entertained. The Americans have received all that they asked, without acquiring any sense of obligation, and the colonists will be disappointed of support which they had been induced to anticipate. As to the "reciprocity," it exists merely in name. The British waters are of vast value to the Americans, but the American waters are of no use to the British. The real fishing-grounds, as all parties well know, are those off our own coasts. That this very circumstance should have disposed us to liberality may be true enough, but it is unsatisfactory to reflect that, in making generous terms with a friendly State at some sacrifice to ourselves, we have not only gained no favor, but have incurred the chance of actual hostility.

From the Times, Aug. 20.

WHEN the question of the north-eastern fisheries was reopened in the United States, the American

Senate, with the first sensation of excitement, applied to the President for proper information on the subject. Unfortunately, the incompetence acknowledged in this reasonable application did not prevent the members of that respectable assembly from prejudging the case before them by intemperate invectives against Great Britain and her policy. If these expressions of opinion had been reserved until the facts were ascertained a large amount of vituperation might have been avoided, and some little discredit escaped, for the measures of the British government are now shown to have been uniformly characterized by liberality and concession. The President replied to the resolution of the Senate by transmitting copies of all correspondence between the English and American governments respecting the rights and liberties in dispute. A list of these documents, with extracts of the more important notes, appeared in our columns of yesterday; and if to these papers are added the despatches of the last few weeks, with which most readers are now familiar, a complete history will be obtained of the whole case between the two countries. Without desiring to take extraordinary credit for conduct which sound views of even British interests must have suggested, we may fairly say that the policy of this country, as regards the colonial fisheries, has been regulated throughout its entire course by a spirit of consideration and kindness. From the very date of the convention which defined the respective privileges of the contracting parties, we have permitted the Americans to take by practical sufferance what we felt to be our own by law. The very magnitude of the capital now alleged to be invested in the New England fisheries shows both the extent of our concessions and the value of the rights surrendered. The correspondence between Mr. Everett and Lord Aberdeen, which forms the chief incident of the sequel, terminated in a decision on the part of the British government which the American minister himself "received with great satisfaction" as an "act of liberality," evincing the "friendly motives" and "amicable disposition" of her majesty's advisers. From that time to this the question has slumbered, and it has only been resuscitated on the present occasion for the purpose of extending and consolidating the concessions which the Americans had experienced already. The British government claimed as its literal right an exclusive property in the waters of the colonial bays, but it gradually relaxed its pretensions until they were wholly foregone, and tacitly connived in the interval at a continuous act of trespass. It is difficult to see how any nation could have acted more liberally.

With regard to the President's communication, it will be observed at once that it has been rendered nugatory by the negotiations now said to have been brought to a conclusion in London. As her majesty's government has decided upon opening the colonial bays to American fishermen, it becomes wholly superfluous to inquire further into the interpretation of a superseded agreement. Otherwise, we might take convenient occasion to point out that the very note of the American diplomatist in which the claims of his countrymen are recorded contains a substantial and sufficient admission of all that Great Britain contended for. Mr. Everett openly acknowledges that whereas the Bay of Fundy must needs be pronounced a bay, there was "some reason" for shutting out the Americans from its waters, according to "the letter of one expression of the instrument." In plainer

words, the "instrument" enumerated *bays* as among those portions of water from which the Americans, by their own consent and renunciation, were to stand excluded, and, though the expression might be only a single one, there could be no denying the import of a geographical term, or the sense of the English language. In defence of his own construction of the treaty, Mr. Everett could appeal to nothing but what he termed "the known design" of the whole arrangement—a point, as everybody can discern, of impossible certification. The "design" of an instrument when the contracting parties differ in views can only be ascertained from the written expressions of meaning to which both of them assented.

This question, however, is now set aside, and great reason have the Americans to be thankful for that sudden impulse which induced Lord Derby's government to bestir itself for the "protection" of the colonists. Free Trade cabinets were content to keep the American trespassers upon sufferance still, but a Protectionist administration declares that the colonies have been shamefully disregarded, and forthwith makes a formal surrender of the identical right which the said colonies had labored so strenuously to maintain. But, though we anticipate some little disappointment in our Transatlantic dependencies at this remarkable exemplification of active "protection," we have no wish to impeach the substantial policy of the act. It was unwise in many respects to leave a question in a state which exposed us to continual embarrassments while it reserved to us scarcely any effective power. The Americans were virtually obtaining their own desires by fishing in the forbidden waters almost at discretion, while the present embroilment is a sufficient indication of what might have been anticipated upon any real enforcement of our dormant rights. Incontestable as those rights are, it is little less than certain that they could only have been insisted on at the risk of immediate war, so that we were retaining what we could never use, and losing the credit of timely and amicable concession. Even, however, if no reciprocal advantages could have been acquired by a bargain, we might fairly have expected that what was meant as a surrender should not have been so managed as to be taken for a defiance. A contemplated indulgence need surely not have been shaped in the form of a provocation. The British government announced its intentions in terms which admitted, if they did not suggest, an interpretation exactly opposite to the truth. It proclaimed its design of at length "enforcing observance" of a disputed convention, though all the while it entertained not the smallest project of enforcing the only point which was in dispute. As we have before remarked, we cannot exonerate the American secretary from a certain wilfulness of misconception. It appears but too plain that he pounced upon the opportunity of creating an unnecessary excitement for political purposes, and of precipitately charging the British government with intentions which he was certainly not bound to assume.

But, we may ask, if the designs of the Derby ministry were so definitely arranged that Mr. Crampton could at once correct Mr. Webster on the very morning after the issue of his proclamation, and assure him that her majesty's government did not contemplate enforcing its own construction of the treaty in opposition to that of the Americans, why was not the original communication to

the government of the Union so framed as to preclude the possibility of a misunderstanding? Why, if it was resolved to leave the bay question untouched, was the ministerial resolution so expressed as to enable Mr. Webster to represent this very point as in jeopardy, and to describe this question as revived in earnest, to the alarm and prejudice of the States? Why did the British government take credit with the colonists on the one hand for respecting their claims, and embroil themselves on the other with the conflicting interests of the Americans, if they had decided to gratify the Americans and leave the colonists behind? Nobody can pretend to doubt, that if a negotiation on the terms now announced had been offered to the United States in place of Mr. Crampton's communication, it would have been received as a friendly and favorable proposal. But, from want either of political sincerity or administrative skill, the whole advantage of the concession has been lost, and what ought to have been set down to the credit of this country in its dealings with America has been very nearly carried in portentous figures to the other side of the account. Great Britain has foregone its privileges, and wisely so too, but its concession has been so ungraciously managed that every party has been offended, and none obliged.

From the Times, 23d August.

By this time we hope our dispute with the United States of America is over, and we trust that all parties will return without delay to those amicable feelings and friendly relations which our own government has so needlessly disturbed. It is not, however, of the obvious and glaring errors of the government of England, or the wild and precipitate proceedings of the American Legislature, that we wish now to speak. Our desire is to make the danger we have just escaped the subject of a few practical reflections, which we submit to the good sense of the English nation.

We have been on the verge of a war with a nation, which, from its identity in race and language with ourselves, would have proved a truly formidable enemy—a maritime and commercial people, who would have met us with our own arms, on our own element, and visited our commerce with mischiefs similar to those which we should have inflicted upon theirs. So closely are the two countries united, that every injury which we might inflict on our enemy would have been almost as injurious to our merchants as bombarding our own towns, or sinking our own ships. And yet it is no exaggeration to say that with this people we were on the very verge of war, for, had we persevered in carrying out with a high hand, by seizure and confiscation, our own interpretation of the treaty, a collision with the American commodore was unavoidable; and such a collision must almost necessarily have been followed by a formal declaration of hostilities. Now, what is the question which has so nearly led to such serious results? It is simply whether a certain quantity of the salt fish consumed in these islands shall be caught by citizens of the United States or natives of our own colonies. The question whether American fishermen shall be allowed to spread their nets in the Bay of Fundy is one in which the people of this country have no imaginable interest; they will neither be richer nor poorer, stronger nor weaker, more admired or more feared, should they secure the monopoly of fishing in these northern waters to the inhabitants of the sea-coast of our North

American colonies. On these colonies we now impose no restrictions whatever; we have given up the old doctrines of commercial monopoly, and are content to compete with every nation in the world for the supply of their markets. The patronage which once made colonial appointments so fertile a source of parliamentary corruption has been, at least in North America, entirely surrendered. The affairs of each colony are administered by a cabinet responsible to, and removable by, the majority of the members of the Legislative Assembly. The North American provinces owe us little more than a nominal dependence, and almost the only mark of subordination which we exact is the power—very seldom employed—of withholding the royal assent from the acts of the local Parliament. But, if we have little to do with the internal government of our colonies in North America, they have absolutely nothing to say in the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament, and do not feel at all bound to adopt for their guidance the principles which have triumphed there. Thus we find in this very matter that at the time when the English nation has decided against protection in any shape, the colonial assemblies are willing to adopt that principle in its coarsest and most repulsive form, by protecting, through bounties, those fishermen whom they call upon us to protect with the sword. Another consideration well worthy of the serious attention of the nation is, that had we gone to war for the sake of these colonial fisheries, it is upon ourselves, to whom the matter is indifferent, and not upon the colonists, to whom it may be of some importance, that it would have devolved to find the troops and treasure requisite for carrying on the war. Our fleets must have encountered the American ships of war. Our commerce would be exposed to the ravages of their privateers, and our troops must defend these very colonies against an invading force infinitely superior in number. Parliament has no power to compel the colonies to raise a single shilling towards the expense of such a contest. It entirely depends upon the friendly spirit of the colonies whether they would raise a single man to aid us in fighting their battle. On the other hand, any assistance in men or money derived from these colonies would have been regarded by them and treated by us as a free and generous concession, for which we were bound to be suitably grateful; yet these dependencies form the most vulnerable parts of our empire, and the first idea which occurs to our warlike contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic, in case of a conflict, is an invasion of them by three hundred thousand American citizens. Removed ourselves by the interposition of a mighty ocean from all points of contact with the great American republic, it is from our colonies alone that we have to fear any serious ground of quarrel. Their vicinity, the similarity of their pursuits, and a spirit of natural and laudable rivalry provoke the occasion of constant collision. Formerly this danger was diminished, because the Colonial Office, reserving to itself almost all the substantial powers of government, left the local legislatures little more than the semblance of authority, and was therefore able to establish a complete harmony between colonial and imperial policy. The surrender of these rights to the legislatures of the North American provinces, while it has been productive of much good by diminishing the causes of dispute between them and the mother country, carries with it also this evil, that greater freedom of action

renders it more easy for the colony to exercise a disturbing influence on our relations with foreign governments. We are, in fact, in this disagreeable position, that, according to the present compact between the mother country and her colonies, she is obliged to take up quarrels in which her interests are in no way involved, and is bound over as surety for the good behavior of governments and legislatures actuated by feelings, principles, and interests totally different from her own, and over whose actions she has renounced all efficient control.

Public attention has been repeatedly drawn of late years to the relation between the colonies and the mother country, and it has now come to be admitted as a political axiom, that the colonies flourish best without the interference of England. This is the colonial side of the question; the view which we are now submitting is the imperial one. If England divests herself of almost all the power, which she has hitherto exercised over her colonies, is it just and reasonable that, her power of influencing their action being gone, her responsibilities should remain the same? Must not the one change almost necessarily draw after it the other? Old principles are abandoned, old relations broken up. Centralization is replaced by local government, and responsible ministers take the place of irresponsible officials, nominated by the crown. The only things which do not change are those cast-iron maxims and unbending traditions of government which are handed down in public offices from one generation of ministers to another, and remain the prescriptive policy of the empire till some unforeseen conjuncture demonstrates that they have survived the state of things which gave them birth, and are ripe for alteration and abolition. The true lesson to be learnt from recent transactions is, that we have introduced and raised up within the empire a power in these colonial governments which we are not able wholly to control, which is day by day increasing in importance, and assuming greater prominence in the affairs of the world. We have either too much or too little "solidarity" with our colonies. If we cannot make them integral parts of the empire we ought to reconsider the extent of our responsibility for their acts; and if we are to continue responsible for their acts, we are entitled to a power which will make that responsibility safe. The problem is a new and interesting one, and would be all the more likely to receive a proper solution if it were investigated with leisure and calmness, instead of being put off to a period of anxiety, trepidation, and embarrassment.

AUSTRALIAN REMITTANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.—Sir: Your correspondent having drawn attention to the contents of the first remittance-roll sent to me by my husband, Captain Chisholm, which is, in fact, a kind of invoice of the sums placed in his hands by gold-diggers and other emigrants at Port Philip for their relations in this country, you will perhaps permit me to offer a few explanations on this novel, important, and interesting subject.

This is the first organized attempt of enabling the English emigrants in Australia to imitate the generous devotion of the Irish settled in the United States. While contemplating with admiration the laborious devotion proved by the remittance of

millions sterling from the American Irish to remove their relations from a land of low wages and famine, I have always had a firm belief that the English emigrants in Australia only required the opportunity to imitate the noble example, and the "remittance-roll" is evidence of the correctness of my opinion.

Until very recently there have been no channels through which the Australian settler could safely and cheaply remit small sums to England.

When I was resident in Sydney many emigrants were anxious to send small sums to their friends "at home," and came to me with money for that purpose, but I found that the banks charged as much for 15*l.* as for 50*l.*, and that they altogether declined to take the trouble of remitting small amounts. On making a representation of this fact to his Excellency Sir George Gipps, he communicated with the banks through the colonial secretary, and they consented to receive small remittances from laboring people if I personally accompanied the depositor; but, with my other engagements, it was impossible for me to spare many hours in the week to introducing shepherds and stockmen, with their 5*l.* or 10*l.*, to the cashiers of the banks. Many a man, within my knowledge, has gone away on finding that he could not remit his intended present to his relations, and spent the amount in a drunken "spree." I therefore determined that on my return to England I would endeavor to organize some plan which should render laborers remitting their little tributes of affection to their friends nearly as easy as posting a letter.

As soon as the Family Colonization Society was organized, Messrs. Coutts and Co. consented to appoint agents and receive the remittances due to the society. But, in order to teach and encourage the laboring colonists to take advantage of the power of remitting to England, my husband saw that it was necessary that some one devoted to the work should proceed to the colonies. The society was not rich enough to pay an agent, or even to pay the expenses of an agent who would work without salary; therefore we determined to divide our income and separate. My husband proceeded to the colony to collect and remit the loans of the society's emigrants, and the savings of those emigrants who wished to be joined by parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters, or other relations. I remained here to assist such relations to emigrate in an economical, safe, and decent manner, as well as to carry on the correspondence needful for discovering the relatives of long separated emigrants—often a difficult task. We determined to work thus until the laborers' remittances should swell to such an amount as would render it worth the attention of bankers as a matter of business, if the society were not inclined to continue the trouble and responsibility.

I am happy to say my faith in the generous and honest dispositions of British emigrants, English, Scotch, and Irish, has not been shaken, and that I may look forward with confidence to a very early date when the remittance-connexion of the Australian emigrants will be eagerly competed for by the most respectable firms.

My husband writes me that the people are filled with joy at finding that they can safely send their earnings, and secure the passage of their friends. In seven weeks he received 3,000*l.* in gold dust or cash, and confidently expects to remit 15,000*l.* within 12 months, and could collect double that sum, if he were able to visit the diggings. These remittances are not only from the emigrants sent

out by the society, but from various persons of the humbler class who desire to be joined by their relatives, and wish them to come out under my ship arrangements.

It is my intention to return to Australia in the early part of next year, and there endeavor to still further promote the reunion of families. I have addressed this letter to your widely-spread and influential columns, in order to call the attention of the commercial world to the profits which may be obtained by ministering to a demand which is arising among a humble class—in order to call the attention of statesmen and philanthropists to a new element of peace, order, and civilization, more powerful than soldiers—to a golden chain of domestic feeling, which is bridging the seas between England and Australia. Many parents, wives, children, and brothers and sisters, have received remittances for passages.

The rise in the price of ships has disappointed some aged persons, by rendering the sums they have received insufficient for their passage and outfit. I am sure those who have sent part will faithfully pay the rest.

In the mean time, I shall be prepared to receive the contributions of any person who generously will lend the gold-diggers and money-getting laborers of Australia the means of being reunited to their families before the winter sets in and dooms many of the aged parents on the "roll" to another Christmas dinner in an union.

I remain, faithfully yours,
CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

From the Times, 21st August.

STATE OF FRANCE.

It would seem as if it were impossible for a nation to do without some kind of public life. The business of elections, of public meetings, and discussions is useful, not only for the results which it produces, but as a vent for that superabundant activity which, if not so employed, is sure to find itself occupation in mischief or frivolity. After sixty years of feverish agitation and Titanic effort, the French nation has ceased to act, and has become the mere spectator of acts done in its name by men who have appropriated to themselves every power of the community. No longer the heroes of a tragedy of real life whose catastrophe shook, not the mimic scene where it was represented, but the solid framework of European society—no longer engaged in the stern conflicts of parliamentary life—no longer contending through their periodical literature with the errors and aggressions of their government, Frenchmen must now sit idly by and see the game of war, of politics, and of statesmanship, played out by others. The feelings with which men watch the autocratic course of Louis Napoleon must closely resemble those of the Roman citizen who had survived the days of Cicero and Hortensius to sit in the mute and servile senate of Augustus. Nothing was left to the Roman nation to console it for the loss of its liberties and the annihilation of its political life but to court oblivion and to stifle regret in the ceaseless whirl of public amusement. Genius drooped, eloquence languished, courage grew cold, and honor dim; but to replace all these things there still remained to the degenerate multitude, in the midst of military tyranny and social degradation, the maddening sports of the circus and the cruel orgies of the amphitheatre. Public games and costly entertain-

ments, paid for with their own money, were all that the Cæsars had to offer to the Roman people in exchange for their laws, their liberty, and their republic; and the Roman people accepted the equivalent, and thus clearly showed that decay of public spirit without which no nation can fall under a despotism imposed upon it from within.

France also has lost her liberty. France also has bowed in the dust before the nephew of her great general, and received the yoke of a new Octavius from the hand of Louis Napoleon. Like her classical prototype, she has nothing left her of her ancient political life; and, like her also, she seeks for distraction in public spectacles and frivolous amusements. The nation has nothing to do in public except to attend a *fête*, and on that one act is concentrated the energy of the liveliest and most energetic people in Europe. In proportion as liberty is destroyed and public spirit decays, do we find the nation flocking with more avidity, and crowding with more absorbing interest to spectacles of fireworks, to tawdry reviews, and to unmeaning processions. In proportion as everything worth taking interest in decays, do we find the interest in matters utterly worthless and frivolous increase. France has lost her liberties, but she has got in exchange a pasteboard effigy of Mount St. Bernard to exhibit to the gaping populace, and an architectural illumination of the column in the Place Vendôme. The last generation scaled the Alps, and raised the column; the present is content to look on and applaud at the tame rehearsal of its fathers' exploits. To provide its people with such amusements gratuitously as may be seen for half a crown by any visitor to Vauxhall-gardens, is the policy and statecraft of the present French government; and, strange to say, the people find in such diversions an equivalent for the loss of their independence. The number of *fêtes* which the present government is forced to give is no inadequate measure of its want of popular qualities and estrangement from popular sympathies. Did it do more for the people it might exhibit less, but those who are so facile in matters of government and liberty are inexorable in demanding the full tale of their childish sports. We often wonder with what countenance a nation that only a year ago was free can meet together for such purposes, and how men so situated can look in each other's faces without a burning blush of shame on their cheeks. We believe, however, we may save ourselves the trouble of such speculations. Condemned to an eternal childishness, the French nation has flung away the liberty of yesterday for the spectacles of to-day with the same levity as a child exchanges one toy for another. Fooled by their own matchless dramatic skill, our thoughtless and excitable neighbors transfer to the most flimsy and garish of the arts—those of the scene-painter and pyrotechnist—all that is left them of admiration and enthusiasm. Content to be the greatest getters-up of historic scenes and allegorical processions in the world, they fling the cares of government and the responsibilities of power into the lap of the first adventurer who will, in consideration of these weightier duties, undertake the office of stage-manager for the nation. He may enact what tragedies he will if he be only able to call up before the public eye a vivid and telling impersonation of stirring incidents and important events. There is no circumstance in the miserable history of France for the last eight months so degrading to her people and so dis-

heartening to the friends of liberty and progress, as the keen and hearty relish with which a nation weighed down under an enormous load of debt, threatened by a yearly increasing deficit, and bereft of every association which can make the retrospect into past history endurable, witnesses a series of childish mummeries played off at an enormous expense out of its own defective funds. It was once the pride of France that her miseries and excesses were forced upon her by external causes. To the advance and proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick were traced the massacres of the Abbaye and the Terrorism of 1793; to the invasion of the allied armies, the abandonment by the country of her great emperor, and the profitless restoration of the Bourbons. But it is only too plain that every blow now aimed against her honor and safety has been levelled by her own hand. It was her own sword which cut the cord that bound the nation to the tribune and the press. It was her own suffrage that handed over her liberties to be disposed of as his own private property by a single citizen. Her voice applauds the destroyer of her constitution wherever he goes, and the nation crowds to every *fête* to which it is invited as his guest, and is never weary of enjoying under his auspices the most frivolous and degrading amusement.

What are we to hope for the future of such a nation? To what quarter are we to look for the quickening breath which is to breathe anew into these careless revellers and busy sight-seers the breath of political life? Alas! we cannot tell. Many indications show that the present government is not firmly or durably established, and no mistake would be greater than to confound the love of holiday-making, or the childish delight in squibs and crackers, with deep devotion or firm attachment to the present state of things. But, grant the present government overthrown, and another, no matter what, raised in its place, we are still as far as ever from the elements of stability and permanence. It may also squander the public resources in childish festivals, dazzle the eyes of the multitude with splendid processions, and bewilder their ears with the din of military music; but how can it obtain any permanent hold of the feelings of a nation to which these things are life and enjoyment, and which is ready to fall prostrate before any ruler who has the will and the power to get up in artistic style half a dozen gorgeous *fêtes* in a year? The French public stipulates to receive this bribe, paid out of its own money, from each succeeding government, and, so long as it be paid, is indifferent as to what becomes of the rest of its revenue and of its policy in other respects. It was thus the Roman people learnt to be so indifferent to the choice of their emperors as to suffer the Pretorians to put the crown up to auction, perfectly satisfied that whoever became the purchaser must supply them with the sports of the circus and the amphitheatre, and perfectly indifferent how, in other matters, he wielded his ill-gotten power. Then in Rome, as now in France, sport and religion, the priest and the actor, went hand and hand; and we cannot better describe the recent *fêtes* at Paris than in the words of the stately historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*:—"The magnificence of shows and entertainments dazzled the eyes of the multitude. The devout were employed in the rites of superstition, whilst the reflecting few revolved in their anxious minds the past history and the future fate of the empire."

POETRY BY PRAED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST :

MR. Griswold, by his recent enlarged edition of the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, has done a service which entitles him to the thanks of every one who can appreciate the writings of that rare and true genius. Still, this collection does not contain all his published poems. I have a few, not thus included, which I have rescued and preserved as waifs; one of the best of which I herewith send you. It was first published in 1836, when Praed was at the University, three or four years before the death of George IV., to whom it refers throughout. The monarch's occupations, as depicted in the fifth and sixth stanzas, remind one of Tom Moore's sketch of him—

His table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post*.

Sir Walter Scott says that he once heard the king laughingly quote these lines of Moore's; but it is not very probable that, if he ever read Praed's "Epitaph," he took copies or circulated them amongst his friends.

C. P.

Moravia, N. Y., Aug. 30.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Translated from the original of Crazeo Ratefee, his majesty's Poet Laureate.]

BY W. M. PRAED.

Beneath the marble, mud or moss,
Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
Entombed in eulogies and dross,
The Island King is food for vermin;
Prisoned by scribblers and by salt,
From Lethe and sepulchral vapors,
His body fills his father's vault,
His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat;
Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures,
With tender heart and tender feet,
And open purse, and open features:
The ladies say who laid him out,
And earned thereby the usual pensions,
They never wreathed a shroud about
A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

He warred with half a score of foes,
And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel;
Enjoyed hard fights and soft repose,
And deathless debt, and deathless laurel:
His enemies were scalped and flayed,
Whene'er his soldiers were victorious;
And widows wept and paupers paid,
To make their sovereign ruler glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
And prayers were said by pious readers;
And laurel was lavished on the ranks,
And laud was lavished on their leaders;
Events are writ by History's pen;
Though causes are too much to care for;
Fame talks about the where and when,
While folly asks the why and wherefore.

In peace he was immensely gay,
And indefatigably busy;
Preparing gew-gaws every day,
And shows to make his subjects dizzy;
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the reports of jailers,
And making up receipts for buns,
And patterns for the army tailors;

And building carriages and boats,
And streets, and chapels and pavilions,
And regulating all the coats,
And all the principles of millions;
And drinking homilies and gin,
And chewing pork and adulation,
And looking backwards upon sin,
And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
Were blest beyond all other nations;
Unharm'd by foreign axe or chain,
Unhealed by civil innovations;
They served the usual logs and stones,
With all the usual rites and terrors;
And swallowed all their fathers' bones,
And swallowed all their fathers' errors.*

When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
All vowed that nothing should content them,
But that their representatives
Should actually represent them;
He interposed the proper checks,
By sending troops with drums and banners,
To cut short their speeches, and their necks,
And break their heads, to mend their manners

And when Dissension flung her stain
Upon the light of Hymen's altar,
And Destiny made Cupid's chain
As galling as the hangman's halter,
He passed a most domestic life,
By many mistresses befriended,
And did not put away his wife
For fear the priest should be offended.†

And thus at last he sunk to rest
Amid the blessings of his people;
And sighs were heard from every breast,
And bells were tolled from every steeple,
And loud was every public throng
His brilliant character adorning,
And poets raised a mourning song,
And clothiers raised the price of mourning.

His funeral was very grand;
Followed by many robes and maces,
And all the great ones of the land,
Struggling as heretofore for places;
And every loyal minister
Was there with signs of purse-felt sorrow,
Save Pozzy, his lord chancellor,
Who promised to attend to-morrow.

Peace to his dust! his fostering care
By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
And all his subjects shall declare
They lost a grinder when he perished.‡
They who shall look upon the lead,
In which a people's love hath shrined him,
Shall say, when all the worst is said,
Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him!

EPITAPH.

Secure from storms, here rests a tender flower,
Early removed from black misfortune's power;
Short though its bloom, the opening bud began
To promise fair when ripened into man;
Yet lovelier far 't will to perfection rise,
Unfold its charms, and flourish in the skies.

* In the Sandwich Islands, no greater mark of respect can be paid to the parent, by the son, than the swallowing of part of his mortal remains. More civilized nations are content with the pretences.

† When a native of the Sandwich Islands is weary of his first spouse he may bring home another, but he may not divorce his original chosen consort.

‡ When the sovereign of the Sandwich Island dies, each of his subjects shows his respect for the deceased prince, by extracting a valuable tooth from his head.